

LIFE, JULY 21st, 1923.

RESTORATION OF WESTMINSTER HALL ROOF (Illustrated).

OLD ROSES (Illustrated). By Gertrude Jekyll.

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COUNTRY LIFE

AVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

L. LIV. No. 1385.

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CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, JULY 21st, 1923.

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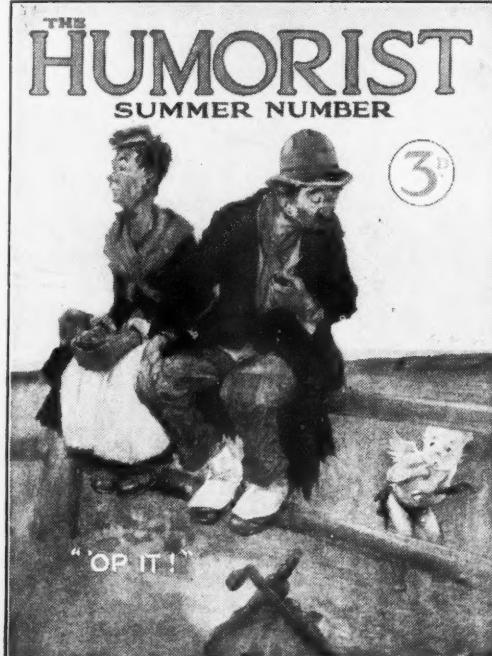
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COUNTRY LIFE

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PLAYMATES AND COMPANIONS

AFORTNIGHT from to-day four hundred boys will be starting for the Duke of York's camp for boys in the disused aerodrome at Littlestone in Kent. This will be the third year of the camp's existence. When it was first instituted it was clearly an interesting experiment, and to-day it must be acclaimed as an established success, on which the Duke and all those who have worked with him are much to be congratulated. Of these four hundred boys, between seventeen and nineteen years old, one half are drawn from Public Schools—two from each of a hundred schools—and the other half from boys who work for firms belonging to the Industrial Welfare Society. They are divided into sections of twenty—ten from the schoolboys and ten boys from the industrial firms, each section having an older section leader, and they spend a week at the camp, taking part in all sorts of games, sports and excursions. The Duke of York hopes to spend a day and night with them in camp, as he did last year.

It would be difficult to imagine a better method of enabling boys of different classes, who would not otherwise meet, to get to know and understand one another. The jolly free-and-easy life of a camp, with, at the same time, a wholesome touch of discipline, provides an atmosphere in which friendships grow very quickly. Of all places, moreover, a camp develops best that quality of the good citizen which may be described in everyday language as "playing for your side." It is not easy for a man or a boy to be lazy or selfish in a camp. If his own sense of shame does not prevent him from being so, it is tolerably certain that his fellows will see to it that he mends his

way. There are certain things which have to be done, and the individual must do his share and will not escape notice if he tries to shift his burden. He cannot be allowed to bring discredit on his own particular little unit. That is the first thing he must learn, and he very soon learns, without any teaching, to be proud of that unit and to think it better than anybody else's. Then, too, all the games or competitions are based on the system of sections, so that whatever anyone does is done for his section and not for himself. Thus is born what we call *esprit de corps*, and no other bond will so quickly weld together boys who may at first be rather shy and strange and feel that they have little in common.

The young do not, as a rule, think a great deal about other people's points of view : they find their own affairs so absorbingly interesting as to take up most of their available powers of thought. Neither are they quick in crediting others with those little sensitivenesses of which they are conscious in themselves. They are not very curious about what the other fellow is feeling. But in the case of this camp, where the companionship is of so new a kind, the contrasts so vivid, and there must be so much to excite first curiosity and then sympathy, it must be a very stupid or, at least, a very unimaginative boy who does not find himself growing interested in the lives and feelings of his fellows.

One may suppose that the two sets of boys start out on this week's fellowship, roughly speaking, in an equal state of ignorance about the other. Some, of course, will have thought or read more on the subject than others, or by the chances of life been brought more into contact with those who dwell in different surroundings from their own. But scarcely a single one of either party, probably, knows what the other really is, what books he is interested in, what jokes make him laugh, what he will do or say if you bowl him out or kick him on the shins or duck him in a big wave, or how he will tackle some job of work that has got to be done in camp. Of course, each will learn much that is valuable about the other's mode of life and will correct on that subject many wrong impressions half formed beforehand ; but that is not so important as the more human and intimate knowledge that can answer the question, "What sort of a fellow is he ?" A good deal must, no doubt, depend on the skill of the section leader, who has got to understand his twenty boys before they understand each other, fuse them into a whole and prevent them clinging together in shy clumps, and has got to do this, moreover, without seeming to do it too obviously. A very great part of the credit of such an enterprise as this camp must belong to the "grown-ups," who give up part of their own holidays to acting in some sort as benevolent non-commissioned officers.

To the two hundred Public School boys this jolly week will be only the first of some seven weeks. They have an apparently endless vista of holidays to look forward to when it is over. To the boys from the industrial firms, on the other hand, it probably represents a very large fraction of their holidays for the whole year, and so, while we wish all prosperity to the whole camp, it is permissible to express a very special wish that, for them, each of those short seven days may be a happy and a memorable one.

Our Frontispiece

SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON, whose photograph forms our frontispiece to-day, was last week elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons. It is an honour which is richly deserved by one who is acknowledged a most brilliant anatomist and whose services as surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital and to research in gynaecology have benefited thousands of his fellow men and women. As a boy he was passionately interested in anatomy, especially that of birds and the smaller mammals. So it was that during his first year as a student at the Middlesex Hospital he received the distinction, unique at the age of twenty-two, of being appointed Prosector, and Junior Demonstrator the following year. He has filled a number of professorships and contributed innumerable papers to the medical press. Moreover, he has lately given the splendid donation of £15,000 to the Middlesex Hospital for building and equipping a new Museum and Pathological Institute now called by his name.

July 21st, 1923.

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COUNTRY NOTES



TWO of the three greatest liners in the world, the Aquitania and the Leviathan, have been lying during the week on opposite sides of the same dock at Southampton. Both externally and internally these boats present an interesting contrast. Although the Aquitania has four funnels to the Leviathan's three, she is much more graceful and yacht-like in her lines, if such epithets can be used of so vast a structure. The Leviathan, which was formerly the Vaterland and built like her sister ship the Bismarck, now the Majestic, to wrest the cream of the Atlantic passenger trade away from us, has in comparison almost the appearance of some super-tramp. The two great piers at either side of the vessel on which her bridge is carried help in this effect. She has a rough masculine look compared with the almost feminine grace of the Aquitania. The same characteristics appear in the interiors, though, strangely enough, the decorations of both boats were designed by the two partners in the same firm of architects, Messrs. Mewès and Davis. M. Mewès, the French partner, worked for the Leviathan, and Mr. Arthur Davis, his English colleague, for the Aquitania. It was part of their instructions that neither should see the drawings of the other, and only this week did Mr. Davis see what his senior partner had accomplished. In many ways, however, this was nothing less than a revolution in the planning of great ships, for, by persuading the naval architects to deflect the smoke-stacks to the side of the ship as they passed through the decks, though uniting, of course, above, M. Mewès was able not only to place his main reception rooms axially down the centre of the boat, but to obtain a long central vista on nearly every deck. The great lounge, palm court, hall and restaurant of the Leviathan make a series of huge apartments leading one from the other which few land hotels could rival; yet it must be admitted that in every detail of decoration, furnishing and finish the palm must be given to the English ship and to the English partner.

BOTH the great matches at Lord's last week were interesting, and in both were good things done, but each lacked something of the supreme thrill. What chance Cambridge had at the end of the first day was destroyed by the thunder-storm. They played like doomed men, feebly and without spirit, and Oxford won so easily that it was impossible for the onlookers to feel that enthusiasm which their victory deserved. The Eton and Harrow match had some critical moments, and the plucky batting of Butterworth, Foster and Brigstock on the first day and Stewart-Brown on the second very properly roused Harrow cheers. The Eton eleven showed, just as they had done against Winchester, that they were an exceptionally strong batting side. In both matches they had to go in against a big score, which is always apt to be an unnerving experience for boys; both

times they batted calmly, soundly and well and let the runs come. Dawson's achievement of making a hundred against Winchester and Harrow in one year is unique, and every man is not born to be a hitter, and his two innings were monuments of patience and accuracy. But the side's bowling was undistinguished to the point of mildness, and they lacked the power of forcing a win.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born two hundred years ago this week at Plympton Rectory in Devonshire. Ever since his return, in 1752, from two years at Rome, whither a friendship with Commodore Keppel carried him, Reynolds' popularity as a painter has never wavered. Ruskin did, indeed, restore the status of his rival Gainsborough, who, undoubtedly, was the greater artist, but to millions of Englishmen "Sir Joshua" remains the best beloved. His outlook, through all his long and successful life, remained fresh and something boyish; his most famous pictures, in which his nature could have full scope, are charmingly innocent or roguish or, as in the "Lord Heathfield," now moved to the Tate Gallery, brimming with a boyish *joie-de-vivre*. It is in that same combination, however, of ingenuousness and ingenuity in which rests his popularity to-day, that is also to be found his chief fault. His canvases are too often marred by a reckless disregard of craftsmanship, with the result that even in the brief hundred and fifty years since their execution they have faded and dulled more than works twice or three times their age.

BUT Sir Joshua was a great man, whatever defects his temperament and the age he lived in may have inflicted on his technique, and also a great critic. His Discourses to the students of the Royal Academy display that complete grasp of the essentials of painting and design which himself tended to evade. His estimates of the artists then known to the world are, considering the biased taste of the age, surprisingly just, and the whole is salted with pungent wit and good sense. "The artist who says he is waiting for inspiration," he remarks somewhere, "can be taken as not knowing how to begin." That sums up most of Reynolds' faults and virtues in a sentence at once hard and true. For "hardness" is the fault with which he is most commonly accused as a man. But his letters, and the testimony of all the exceptionally perceptive people who knew him, even if his pictures did not assure us, unite to show him as singularly gentle and generous, though shrewdness, undoubtedly, love of pleasure, and perhaps that same gentleness caused him to assume a cynical and somewhat Chesterfieldian mask.

INVIOLENTE.

So silver-still the meadows lie,
So dim the river passes by,
So hushed the low hills bow their head
As olden love rememberèd—

O tender clouds that come and go,
Enshrinéd I move; ye do not know
The prayer I pray—the bell I toll—
The red rose folded in my soul!

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

THE Public Vaccinator of the Tonbridge Union has called attention, in a letter to the *Times*, to a point which appears to merit serious consideration. He desires that all doctors, and not only public vaccinators, should be able to obtain Government lymph under statutory control. At present it seems they cannot do so—with the result that for his private practice a doctor must buy his lymph at a chemist's. There it may have been in stock for an unknown time, whereas Government lymph must not be kept for more than seven days. After that time any that is unused must be sent back. Public vaccinators have to make a return as to the result of all lymph issued to them, and if other doctors could obtain Government lymph they would, presumably, be placed under a similar obligation. There may be some technical difficulties which the layman does not wholly appreciate, but it is hard to believe they could not be overcome. Two things are obvious, especially at

such a moment as the present. The best possible lymph should be available for all, and there should be no excuse for nervous or ignorant or foolish people, to feel doubts about the benefits of vaccination.

THREE is probably no club-house so widely known to Londoners as that of the Union Club at the southwest corner of Trafalgar Square. It is related that a cabman, on being told by an eminent doctor to drive to the Royal College of Physicians, at first denied all knowledge of it, and then, after explanations had been given, remarked, "Oh, I know now—you mean the dirty end of the Union Club." The house is a fine one, with tall, stately, rather formal-looking rooms. Many a hot wayfarer through Cockspur Street has envied the members he has seen sitting, cool and at ease, behind those long windows, the fountain plashing in the Square, it seems, for their especial benefit. The news that this famous house is to change hands and the club to seek other quarters will interest many who have never, perhaps, been inside it. There is something a little sad about such an uprooting, for the club has an ancient and honourable history and was founded in the year of Trafalgar. The site is, however, such a valuable one that it is easy to understand the club receiving for it an offer so advantageous as to be, in these hard times, impossible to refuse.

MR. "BOBBY" JONES has won the Open Golf Championship of America, and his many friends here will be delighted accordingly; not only because he has a modest and engaging personality, but because, whatever the game, it is good to see the triumph of one who is admitted to be, in his own way, a supreme artist. As did our own Mr. Wethered two years ago, he tied for first place with a professional; but he went one better than Mr. Wethered, and won on playing off the tie. The great "Bobby" has even now only attained the mature age of twenty-two, and yet he seems to have been knocking at the Championship door for years. He was only fourteen when he reached the semi-final of the American Amateur Championship, and eighteen when he was beaten in the final by Mr. Herron. Last year he was second in the Open Championship to Gene Sarazen, so that he has certainly earned his laurels. As did Mr. Hilton, he has won the Open before the Amateur Championship, but his victory over his fellow-amateurs must come. A few years ago all golfers would have agreed that the two most graceful spectacles that golf had to offer were those of Mr. John Ball and Harry Vardon, respectively, striking a ball. Now that Time has laid, admittedly a very gentle, hand on these two champions, Mr. Jones carries off the palm for perfection of rhythmic grace.

"WATU WA MITI," or Men of the Trees, is the name of an extension of the Scout movement in Kenya. The Forestry Department found that the primitive agricultural method of the Kikuyu, who, whenever he required a fresh tract for his maize, would burn a clearing in the forest, was seriously diminishing the forested areas and would eventually result in decrease of rainfall and denudation. Instead of promulgating frightful penalties, the Watu Wa Miti were organised, who swear to N'gai, the great god, to plant up their old cultivation with trees whenever they burn a fresh clearing; to plant, in any case, ten trees a year; and every day to do some good turn to trees. They wear a green and white beaded strap on their wrists—green for their duty to trees, and white to remind them that the heart of each must be clean. All kinds of games and songs are growing from the root idea of protecting nature. This keenness of the Forestry Department thus converts the finest idea which England has evolved for centuries into a civilising influence, infinitely more real than the imposition of unsuitable, if not actually harmful, Western education.

DICK TURPIN never rode to York, though we should like to believe that he did; but Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake undoubtedly rode there from London a little while since, and took about four and a quarter days over it. In this connection a correspondent in a daily paper gives some interesting particulars from an original way bill of the London

to York mail in 1823. The route was 197 miles long and the coach was allowed 20 hours 54 minutes, which had to include all stoppages for meals, changing horses and picking up mails. The mail coach weighed 18cwt.; it was allowed to carry three outside and four inside passengers, and usually weighed, in all, about three tons when it left London. To keep up that rate of ten good English miles an hour must have been a fine achievement. It induces certain romantic regrets even to read about it, and there is such splendidly spirited reading about coaches—Tom Brown on his way to Rugby, the Pickwickians' frosty drive to Dingley Dell, Becky Sharp going to Queen's Crawley. "Ah, how their coats shone—Ah! how their tails shook—Alas! we shall never hear the horn sing at midnight or see the pike-gates fly open any more." Doubtless, we are better off in our stuffy trains, but it was hard to believe it last week.

THE Royal Air Force war memorial, opened by the Prince of Wales on Monday, appears at its finest when seen from some distance along the Embankment. There the majestic sweep of the river leads up to the great pylon where it stands at the head of the double flight of stairs between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge. The design, by Sir Reginald Blomfield, is plain and well proportioned, and correctly subsidiary to Mr. Reid Dick's great eagle which stands upon it. The eagle, of gilt bronze, has outspread wings and is perched on a globe, its face turned over the river, and denoting the setting out of the Royal Air Force to the south. The bird's attitude and bold modelling are alike very fine. The grant of the site for the memorial was conditional upon gates being placed at the base; this has been complied with, and, if they do not assist the general effect, they are of excellent workmanship.

LYMINGTON.

Salt across the marshes comes the breath of the sea wind :
Yachts are on the Solent, seagulls in the sky,
Wheeling, flashing, dipping, glittering in the sunlight.
Oh, God of weary travellers, bring me back before I die!
Let me see the golden shores and hear the plovers crying
Across the creeks and marshes of the town where I was born ;
Let me see the white sails speeding towards the Island ;
Let me taste the sea wind that stirs the stream at morn.
I used to watch the liners passing down the Solent,
Swinging round the Needles, standing out to sea ;
I used to long and long to sail to far-off countries,
And now I'd give the world and more in Lymington to be.
I wonder if the sailors who used to take me fishing
Out beyond the castle with the tide, are living yet ;
I wonder if the seaparks are sweet along the banks still.
Oh, God, let me go back again or else let me forget !

M. D. BURNETT.

ALL our readers have lost a good friend, though hardly any of them, perhaps, knew his name. This was Mr. W. A. Butterworth, who died after a few hours' illness on Saturday last. He had been with COUNTRY LIFE since its first number was printed twenty-six and a half years ago, and during nearly all that time had been head of the composing room. No undertaking ever had a more faithful or honourable servant. He had a disposition that made everyone fond of him, as he had a natural dignity that made everyone respect him. Those who worked with him knew that they had a loyal friend who would never, in homely language, let them or the paper down. In the rush and hurry of a newspaper going to press it is almost impossible that tempers should not now and then be ruffled, but no one can remember a word from Mr. Butterworth that could leave even a momentary sting behind it. However he might be harried or pressed by some sudden demand, some change that must be made at the last moment, he was always ready to make the best of things. We in the office of COUNTRY LIFE shall long remember with more than a little pang of sorrow the smile, half rueful half whimsical, with which he would accept the inevitable and buckle to his task. To all those who were his fellow workers it will always be helpful to have known a man so lovable, of so fine and upright a character.

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WESTMINSTER HALL RESTORED

ON Tuesday His Majesty formally reopened Westminster Hall, which has been closed for some time during the very extensive repairs to the roof. This magnificent piece of work, constructed by Henry Herland, Chief Carpenter, Controller and Surveyor of the Works to Richard II, replaced the original roof of William Rufus, whose walls yet remain intact, though supported at the later date against the increased thrust of the new roof by flying buttresses at alternate bays. Rufus's Hall had aisles; but in 1393 it was determined to abolish these and to span the whole great breadth of 69ft. from side to side. This was the problem that produced this first great hammer-beam roof. That the method had already been put into practice is not unlikely, but it is almost impossible that any roof of such a scale had ever been contemplated.

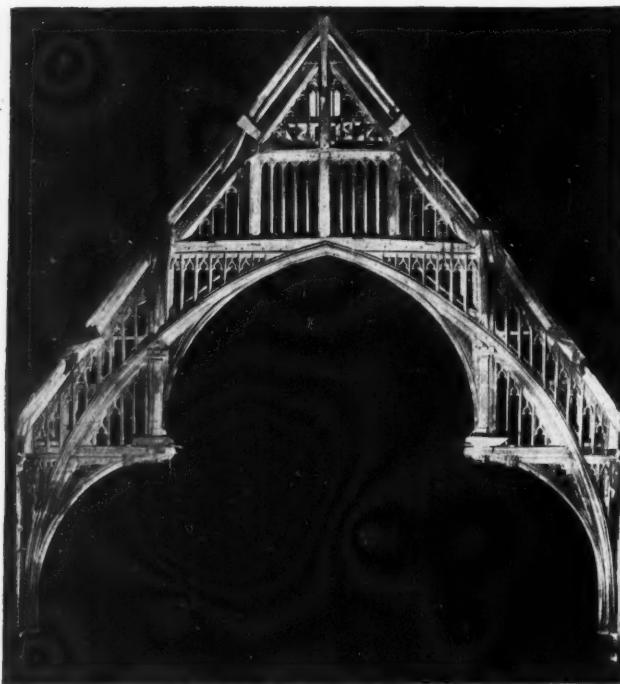
Herland's chief difficulty was the non-existence of oak timbers of over 40ft. in length. He therefore constructed, even if it was not actually he who evolved its design, a roof consisting of three sections. At the apex was a triangulated frame, formed by the two converging upper principals and joined by the collar beam, on which two queen posts, joined at their tops by the upper collar, further supported the principals and upper purlins, while in the centre a great strut rose direct to the

apex supporting the ridge itself. This main triangle, 35ft. across the collar or base, was supported by the apices of triangular structures at each end, of which latter the bases were the hammer-beams, the outer ends of which were locked by the downward thrust of the lower principals, and their inner ends—fashioned into beautiful angels bearing shields, on which rested the hammer-posts supporting the great collar above—were borne up by lesser triangles springing from stone corbels between the windows. To this skeleton design was added a further strengthening member in the huge arched rib springing from the corbels, passing through the hammer-beams and hammer-posts to a housing beneath the strut in the centre of the collar beam. This was, of course, an application of the arched rib system in use prior to this time, with which the designer would be well acquainted. Thus the roof is a combination of the old, arched rib, design with the new hammer-beam principle.

When a thorough examination of the structure was carried out by Sir (then Mr.) Frank Baines in 1914 the arched ribs were found to be bearing the entire weight of the roof. This was owing to no structural deficiency in the hammer-beam members, but to the fact that the latter form of roof utilised horizontal members. For the wood-boring, or Death Watch, beetle (*Xestobium tessellatum*), which is entirely responsible for the decay of



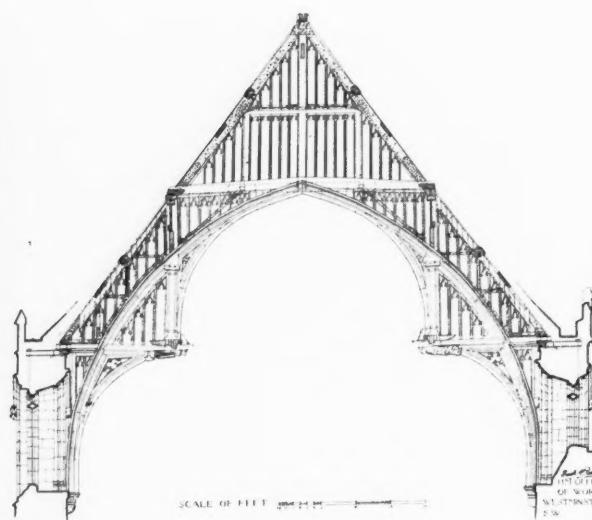
H. N. King. WESTMINSTER HALL, SHOWING THE ROOF AS BUILT BY HENRY HERLAND, 1393-1400. Copyright.



A SIMILAR SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED. STEELWORK PERCEPTEBLE WITH DIFFICULTY.

Westminster Hall roof, only lays its eggs on horizontal surfaces off which they will not readily fall; or if it does lay them on sloping ones, they do fall off and no harm is done.

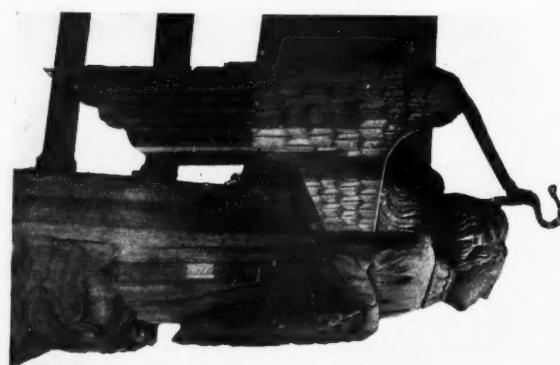
When the state of this superb piece of carpentering construction was realised, the question arose as to whether it would be best to rebuild the whole thing exactly or to restore it with modern skill. Most wisely it was determined to pursue the latter course and to preserve for this and succeeding generations as much as possible of the original structure. From time to time during the past century small repairs of varying degrees of use or inutility had been undertaken by inserting rods or supports here and there. But, as built, the roof contained no iron whatever. As restored, the whole weight is carried by a concealed system of steel girders and rods, which also are strong enough to bear up the roof, even if the timber should continue to decay. This is not to say that totally decayed wood was not replaced. The question of the durability of oak was most carefully enquired into, with the result that it was decided that the best was English oak, species pedunculata, grown on heavy retentive soil, near the sea rather than inland, not close forest growth, but either park-grown or "coppice and standard," from rolling country. Everything pointed, therefore, to the wealden clay districts of Sussex, where the cultivation of chestnut undergrowth for hop poles, cut every fifteen years or so, gave the necessary type of timber in great quantities. A private owner had to be found, as timber merchants would be unable to supply the quantity even if they knew the origin of the timber required, so the honour of supplying the necessary



DRAWING OF A ROOF SECTION SHOWING THE STEEL REINFORCEMENT.

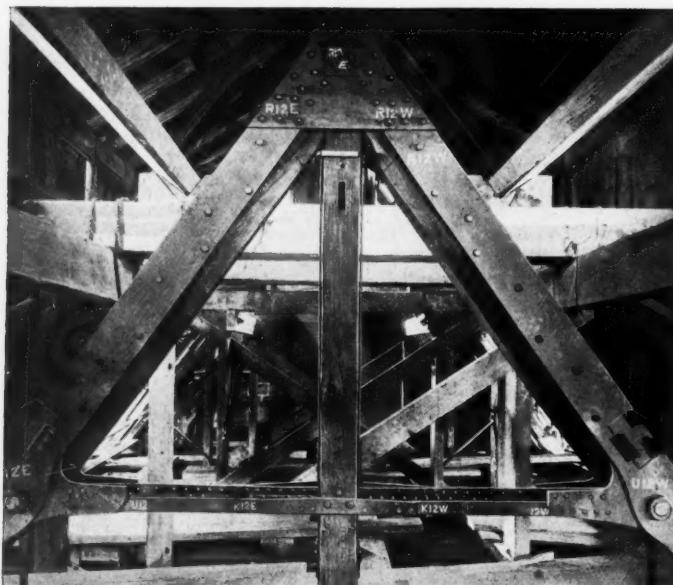
oak devolved on Colonel George Courthope, M.C., M.P. for Rye, whose family has for many centuries been seated at Whiligh, near Wadhurst. The original timber is stated in contemporary documents to have come from the King's park at Odham, the Abbot of St. Albans' wood at Bernan, and a wood by Kingston-on-Thames.

It is difficult to describe the system of the steelwork in the space at our disposal, but an appended diagram shows how the upper and lower principals (seen also in a photograph) are now

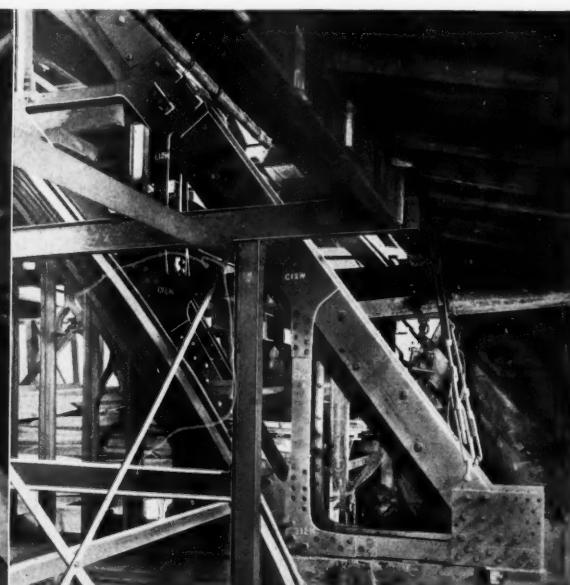


AN ANGEL, TERMINATING ONE OF THE HAMMER BEAMS.

entirely of steel, tied together at the level of the upper collar, whence two rods some twelve feet in length follow the line of the queen posts and are pinned on to the great collar beam below and are keyed into connection with similar rods attached



STEEL FRAMING IN THE APEX OF ROOF.



A STEEL PRINCIPAL, PART OF ONE OF THE ARCHED RIBS.

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at their lower or outer ends to the ends of steel girders concealed behind the great arched rib. This reinforcement of the arched rib is made fast at intervals to the principals. The work has been costly, for the weight of the steel has been on the liberal side, and many joints had to be specially cast owing to the different conditions found in each instance. But it has been splendidly done, and one has only to look at the photograph

of one of the sections here reproduced to discover how difficult, even when seen in elevation, it is to spot the steel. From below, where the eye is amazed by the tracery and the shafting beams and trusses, it is next to impossible.

Sir Frank Baines and his staff of the Office of Works deserve every praise for a masterly and sympathetic piece of work.
C. H.

THE DRAWINGS AT HOLKHAM HALL

By CAMPBELL DODGSON.

THE art treasures at Holkham, the stately seat of the Earl of Leicester, not far from Wells in Norfolk, enjoy a great reputation, but are not very often seen. They are remote from London and have not, like pictures from many other of the great English country houses, been lent to exhibitions in the Metropolis. Descriptions have been written, however, of the sculpture and paintings which adorn the magnificent hall and gallery and the apartments on the *piano nobile*, with their splendid doorways, chimneypieces and ceilings, designed by Kent or adapted from Inigo Jones. They are all set forth in the description of Holkham by Matthew Brettingham, the architect, who himself bought many of the works of art at Rome for the first Earl of Leicester and who completed the building for the Dowager Countess after her husband's death. This work is a stately folio published, in its revised and completed form, with Italian as well as English text, by the architect's nephew, Robert Furze Brettingham, in 1773. You may find not only in Brettingham, but in a modernised and more critical guise in Waagen's "Treasures of Art in Great Britain" (Vol. III), a sufficient description of the Rubens and Van Dyck, of the Clades and Poussins which adorn, with excellent specimens of the less celebrated Orizzonte (Van Bloemen), a whole room devoted to classical landscape of the seventeenth century, and of the many fine examples of the later Italian painters, whose reputation, fallen somewhat dim—to borrow a favourite phrase of Carlyle's—during the nineteenth century, is now tending to regain in some degree its former lustre. Of the Holkham Clades, in particular, an appreciative account and criticism will be found in the late E. J. Dillon's excellent little book on that painter. It is not of these pictures that I propose to write, nor of the antique statues and busts, nor of the magnificent manuscripts which are, I suppose, the greatest treasures of all. But Holkham contains yet another class of works of art about which next to nothing has yet been written, a large collection of drawings by the old masters. There is but a brief and imperfect list of them, mentioning only those which at that time were framed, in Brettingham's folio, and they are passed over in a few words by Waagen. Lord Leicester has kindly permitted

me to write something about them and has lent a few specimens to be reproduced as illustrations, but I cannot pretend to produce any exhaustive account of the collection, for when I enjoyed the hospitality of Holkham, and the guidance of its kindly and accomplished librarian, Mr. Charles James, a year ago, I had no thought of writing an article about the drawings, and so much of the day was spent in seeing for the first time so vast a number of works of art that I devoted little of it to writing methodical notes, the absence of which I now regret.

I must admit that the collection of drawings, to which I had eagerly looked forward as possibly containing great treasures, was in some respects disappointing. It reflects exactly the taste of the period in which it was formed and, it must be supposed, to speak more precisely, the taste of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, who purchased the greater part of the collection on the earl's behalf at Rome, where Maratti was then a hero. It follows from this that the strong part of the collection—so far, at least, as numbers are concerned—lies in the Italian schools of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century. It is rich in the Bolognese and Roman masters, such as Carracci, Pietro di Cortona, Luca Giordano, Carlo Maratti, Ciro Ferri, Sacchi, Guercino, the Cavaliere d'Arpino and the like, draughtsmen who are neither rare nor, as a rule, of merits which arouse enthusiasm in critics of the present generation, though Carracci and Guercino, at least, have their modern votaries. On the other hand, the Venetians, whom all of us now enjoy—Tiepolo, Guardi, Canali, Longhi—are lacking entirely. Of drawings by the primitives, or even the Quattrocento masters, there are none, and very few even of the sixteenth century. The one outstanding example of that period is the beautiful cartoon by Raphael for "La belle Jardinière," in the Louvre, which hangs in a gallery over the entrance to the chapel. The large black chalk drawing, on paper unfortunately much darkened by age, though otherwise well preserved, can only be seen with some difficulty by aid of electric light. It is here reproduced after the plate in Dr. O. Fischel's great publication of Raphael's drawings, which aims, in this instance, at giving the design as clearly as possible without reproducing the dark tone. The cartoon is about three feet high and the



CLAUDE LORRAIN. A SEAPORT (8½ ins. x 12½ ins.).



RAPHAEL. CARTOON FOR "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."

dimensions of the figures are the same as in the picture; the cartoon has, in fact, been actually used for transferring the design to the surface on which the picture was to be painted, and the outlines have been pricked through for this purpose. In the parts that are best preserved, the modelling is of the same style as that of Leonardo's famous cartoon in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, but the Raphael has been considerably retouched. It remains, for all that, a very beautiful work, and a fine representative of a class of drawings that is extremely rare—the chalk cartoons actually used in the production of pictures and afterwards thrown away or damaged, if not destroyed, on account of their large size.



GIOVANNI BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE. A MONOTYPE (7½ins. x 6ins.).

Another work attributed to Raphael at Holkham is a volume, formerly owned by Carlo Maratta, containing a number of pen and ink studies of antique architecture, with other subjects, thirty-five pages in all. The book is fully described by Passavant, Raphaël d'Urbino, 1860, II, 517, who describes the contents as "dessins raphaëlesques," while he attributes some of them to Giulio Romano. The volume needs critical study by some authority well acquainted with the treatment of the antique by Raphael and his school.

By contemporaries of Raphael there is next to nothing, and the few that I remember, besides some of Giovanni da Udine's delightful studies of birds from nature, including the jay here



GIUSEPPE MARIA CRESPI. TAVERN SCENE (9½ins. x 7½ins.).



GIUSEPPE MARIA CRESPI. TAVERN SCENE (9½ins. x 7½ins.).

July 21st, 1923.

COUNTRY LIFE.

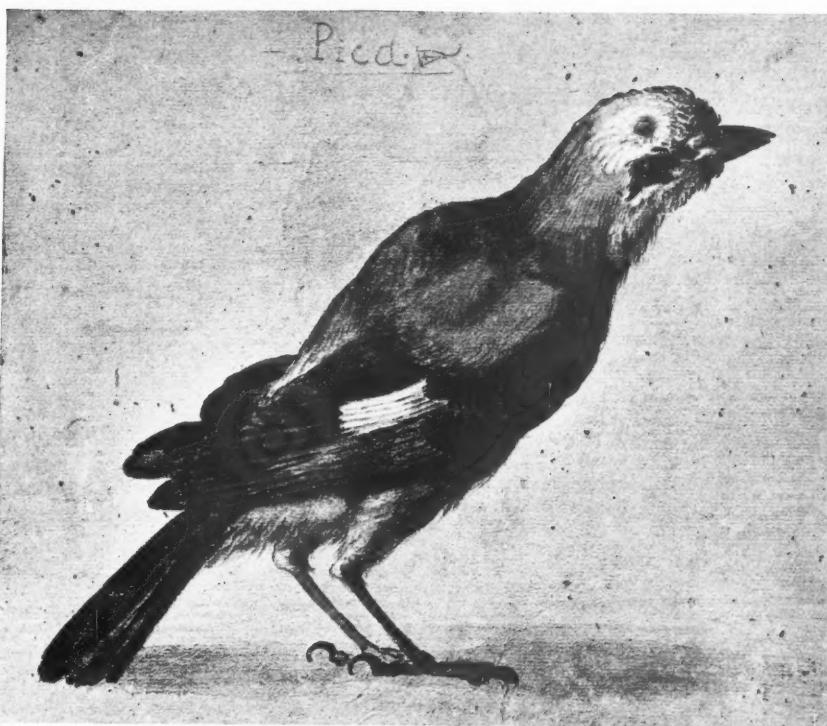
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reproduced, as materials to serve for his decorative paintings in the Vatican, are not of the Italian school at all. The fine copy in grisaille, formerly in the Barberini Palace, and engraved in 1808 by Schiavonetti, of Michelangelo's lost cartoon of Pisa, is a painting and has no claim to be mentioned among the drawings. There is nothing by Dürer, nor, indeed, by any of the German artists, and only three by early Dutch or Flemish artists, two of which—a "Christ Bearing the Cross," by Lucas van Leyden, and a pen drawing by Pieter Cornelisz Kunst—are to be published later on by the Vasari Society, while the third, a "Judgment of Solomon," of which there is another version in quite a different medium in the British Museum, is by one of the artists of about 1520-30, whom it is now the fashion to call the Antwerp mannerists. The advantage which it possesses over the British Museum drawing is that of completeness, enabling the whole of the composition to be seen, whereas the other, besides being damaged, is considerably clipped.

Next in importance after the Raphael cartoon must rank the beautiful group of drawings by Claude Lorrain, which are framed and hang in one of the bedrooms, others of which also contain a good selection of framed drawings, chosen, it is recorded, on the advice of the late Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., while the unframed residue are kept in the library. The Claudes are, for the most part, pen and ink drawings of the well known finished type, but I have chosen as a specimen for illustration a less conventional wash drawing of a seaport under a stormy evening sky, which may, perhaps, be Genoa, with the famous Lanterna on the left at the entrance to the harbour, though I will not guarantee the accuracy of this identification and leave it to others who may have a better knowledge of the Italian coast to confirm or correct the suggestion. It is a very beautiful specimen of Claude's more sketchy manner, keeping close to nature.

The mention of Genoa leads me to another artist about whom I have something to say, the seventeenth century painter and etcher, Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione. His drawings are not rare, but Holkham possesses a specimen of great interest from the technical point of view, for it is an example of the process very little used before the nineteenth century, known as monotype. This is a kind of cross between a print and a drawing. Printing ink is laid upon a plate and then manipulated with some pointed instrument which scrapes out lines from the black surface, which lines will tell as white upon dark when the plate is passed through the press and an impression is taken on paper. Only one impression can be taken (hence the name "monotype"), for the ink is pulled off the surface of the plate, and there are no engraved lines which can be filled with ink so as to produce the same effect again. The specimen at Holkham is one of a characteristic type for Castiglione, a quasi-oriental head belonging probably to one of the Balkan races. Nothing has been written about these monotypes since the days of Bartsch, who described the fine specimens at Vienna, but an article is soon to be expected on the subject from the pen of an Italian art historian. There are very fine examples at Vienna and in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and also at Windsor Castle.

Among the Carracci drawings I have chosen one which I hope will be of special interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, a very fine drawing



GIOVANNI DA UDINE. A JAY.
(9ins. x 10½ins.)



ANNIBALE CARRACCI. A WOLF.
(9½ins. x 7ins.)

by Annibale Carracci of a wolf. The slight first sketch in black chalk can still be discerned under the lines drawn with the pen and bistre, which have been laid over the original outline. I do not know a drawing of an animal by an old master to surpass this study in keenness of observation and firmness of handling. It illustrates well in almost every detail the description of the wolf by Bewick in his "History of Quadrupeds": "Its ears are sharp and erect; its tail long, bushy, and bending inwards between its hind legs; its body is stronger than that of almost any species of Dogs; its jaws and teeth larger, and its hair coarser and thicker."

Another artist of the Bolognese school, of a later generation, whose drawings are much rarer than those of the Carracci, is represented at Holkham by two excellent specimens. This is Giuseppe Maria Crespi (1665-1747), who went by the nickname of Lo Spagnuolo di Bologna. His paintings, especially the Seven Sacraments, lent by the Dresden Gallery, were universally admired at the great exhibition of late Italian paintings held last

year at the Pitti Palace. The two capital drawings by his hand at Holkham form a pair, and both represent scenes in taverns or wine cellars, drawn in red and brown wash and heightened with white. In one a girl leans across a table, listening to a man who plays the flute. In the other a lad sits on the end of a wine cask, playing the lute, with a girl and a younger boy seated on a lower level. Chianti flasks, exactly like what one sees to-day, figure in both compositions. The figures are brushed in with a bold, painter-like touch which seems more French than Italian, and is almost an anticipation of the manner of Fragonard. They illustrate the scenes of low life for which this painter had a *penchant*, in addition to the religious and mythological subjects which he generally painted.

These are, as I now remember them, some of the outstanding features of the large collection of drawings at Holkham Hall, but I am sure that a renewed inspection would reveal many more sketches by old masters which merit a more attentive study than they have hitherto received.

TROUTING IN RUNNING WATERS

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.

THE southern chalk streams, flowing gently through their rich water meadows, can hardly be classed as "running waters." The great fastidious trout that inhabit them have a deliberation of movement, and of play when hooked, that suit the dignity of flow of the streams in which they dwell. Given a trusty rod and gut that can be relied upon even when fine as gossamer, the chalk stream angler depends for the joys of actual fishing upon the little refinements of his art; upon studying the surface current in the neighbourhood of a rise or of a fish visible in the clear water; upon dropping his fly lightly just where the current will drift it naturally to the right spot to attract the fish's attention, and, above all, upon that indescribable moment when the fly is taken, the rod-point is raised to put on the exact strain required to drive home the hook without breaking the fine gut-point, when the rod thrills with life, and the reel handle spins with the first run of a heavy trout. That, to my mind, is the greatest moment in all fly-fishing. Next to it, in a typical chalk stream, comes success in detaching a monster fish from a weed bed in which he has taken refuge. To every action, we are told by scientists, there is an equal and opposite reaction. Even as the delight in a day spent on the banks of flowing or of running water depends for its acuteness upon being preceded by a period of monotonous toil in town or city, so with the joy of defeating a weed-seeking trout. It is the horrible sense of dead strain and helplessness while he is in the weeds (holding on to them, as some maintain, with his mouth), that causes the height of contentment when, by "hand-lining" or by some other device, he has been manœuvred into the clear stream, and the rod again vibrates with the struggle.

So much for gently flowing streams and the sport to be had therein. For the best joys of running water the south-country angler must go far afield—to the north of England, to Scotland or to Wales. There it may be his good fortune to follow in the footsteps of anglers of the past. He has, if he is wise, and intent upon returning with a heavy basket or fishing bag, studied with care that trout-fishers' classic, "The Practical Angler, or The Art of Trout-fishing, more particularly applied to clear water," by W. C. Stewart, published in Edinburgh in 1857; he will probably ponder with wonder at the statement therein that "an angler who, fishing a whole day, that is to say for nine or ten hours, cannot capture on an average fifteen pounds of trout a day, has not yet attained to eminence in the art; and a first-rate angler might easily average twenty pounds." Most of us read those words with admiration in these days of over-fishing, and of pollution of streams. Stewart, we must realise, was no fly-fishing purist. The successes which he considered normal were not attained by one method of fishing in clear water, but by four—"the fly-fisher cannot do it, the worm-fisher cannot do it; the minnow fisher cannot do it; and, as a matter of course, the May-fly fisher cannot do it. It is only done by a judicious use of the four methods according to circumstances." Nor, he adds, can it be done by fishing continually in one stream; and small streams, he holds, are more to be depended upon than large ones, because they contain more trout in proportion to the volume of water, and the trout that they contain are less capricious. The angler seeking weight "should have recourse to the smaller rivers and waters and, failing these, to burns, in which some trout may always be had," if the trout in larger rivers show caprice.



Ward Muir.

KEEPING CONCEALED.

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July 21st, 1923.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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For those to whom, in these days of depleted trout streams, the weight of the basket at the end of the day is not everything, and who can devote time to scenery and surroundings, there may be the joy of following in the strenuous mountain-devouring footsteps of Charles Kingsley on one of his brief holidays from the life-work of a reformer living before his age.

There may, perhaps, occur an opportunity to follow, with him, the whole course of a trout stream, from mountain source to estuary, pondering on his simile with the course of the life of an average man, from the stanza :

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings

to the final triumphant conclusion :

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea ;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar. . . .

And so on. "Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child," is the refrain to both stanzas, and this was Charles Kingsley's test of the cleanliness of the sports which he advocated. We find, of course, the same motif in the "Compleat Angler," without which no library is complete. But if the fisherman is not for the time tuned up to this aspect of his art, there are plenty of other matters affecting the "contemplative man's recreation"



WORMING IN CLEAR WATER.

in which Charles Kingsley can help him. Let us suggest to those who are tempted by his rhymed invitation to Tom Hughes to take a holiday, with trout rod and tackle, by the running waters of the North, to remember the lines :

And, ere we be
drowsy,
Give our boots a
grease.

Thereby ensuring much comfort in the strenuous walking that goes with the catching of trout in mountain streams and burns, either in precipitous surroundings or even in the meadowland of the valleys. The clean mountain

air invigorates the lungs, and fills the whole frame with energy and endurance, but these are of no avail if stiff, hard leather has blistered and lamed one's feet.

So equipped, in comfortable old clothes and well greased boots, let us imagine a day by running waters with sturdy, hard-fighting trout therein, short fish, deep in girth, gold and silver sided when gleaming in the basket or bag, and scarlet spotted. It may be, if fishing in the lower reaches, that we may have some silver sea trout to place upon the dish that awaits our return. I write "our" advisedly, because of the joy of companionship during such fishing, and during the walk thereto, if the companionship be of the right sort—and the sort must be exactly right to be preferred by the angler to solitude with nature. Whatever may be the surroundings, whether rocks, bracken and heather, or meadows, trees and flowery banks, the chief attraction to the fisherman will be the running water itself, and the mystery of the life beneath its surface. If we are in Wales—and sometimes the same applies to the streams of the Lake country—the water will probably be as clear as gin; it may be flowing over a slaty bed. There will be a cold and comfortless look about it, and the trout therein will be hard put to it to find a livelihood, but those that do so, when hooked, will show the energy and vigour



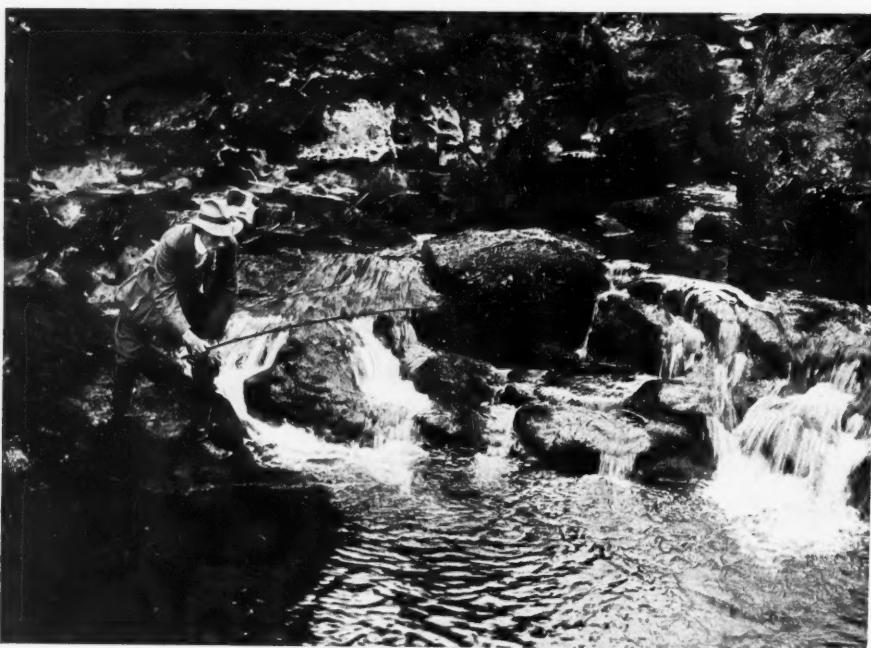
Ward Muir. IN LOVELY SURROUNDINGS.

Copyright
ON THE EDGE OF THE MOORLAND.

July 21st, 1923.



A GOOD CHANCE OF A SEA TROUT.



THE AMBER TORRENT DESCENDING.



Ward Muir.

IN THE FLOWERY MEADOWS.

Copyright.

of all workers by necessity. "Fine and far off" must be the motto. Dr. Johnson's definition of angling—or was it of fishing?—as a "worm at one end and a fool at the other," will apply to the holder of the rod if he imagines that these trout, hungry as they may be in those barren waters, are likely to qualify in the same category as himself by taking his fly or worm (of which more anon) if he appears within their range of vision. If in Scotland, or by some North of England stream, it may be that the running water is of a beautiful transparent and rich amber colour, to which no satisfactory epithet has yet been applied. There is amber and amber: some is yellow, some is of a rich glowing red-brown tint; the burnt umber of the water-colour box comes somewhere near to it, but the tint is indescribable. Let the water be of that colour for the user of the fly, clearing to transparency after a mountain spate. Let there be streaks of bright bubbles and of air-specks streaming past therein, and let there be little banks of yellow foam in the still backwaters. It may be that the stream or burn runs over rocky terraces, and sometimes, fishing upwards with a short line, the angler can stand, completely concealed, to fish a pool above him. It may be that he can be concealed by rocks, fishing a long line round the promontories which they form. He must in any case keep himself and his rod out of sight of his quarry.

And now, in conclusion, a few words for those who go fishing to catch many trout, and not to look at scenery or surroundings. Here we get back to Stewart and his "Practical Angler." "Most anglers," he writes, "meet with fair success where the waters are coloured; but where the waters are clear they find poor sport." The south-country trout-fisher can be a dry or wet fly purist, and always fill his basket (perhaps). In the clear, rocky-bottomed streams of which I write, the artificial fly, however skilfully it may be manipulated, wet or dry, will not provide a dish of trout during every month of the fishing season. Stewart used to begin in May, using a creeper as bait till the rise began, when he changed to the fly, changing in the afternoon to the minnow, unless the May-fly was out, when he could fill his basket by its use. In June, after the May-fly, he stuck to worm and minnow, starting, if possible, at daybreak and fishing down with minnow for a "few miles," and back again, up-stream, with worm. In July the same. In August the same, taking the smaller waters in backward districts when the worm began to lose its attractiveness to larger trout. At the end of August and in September the fly again, especially in coloured water. If ineffective, recourse to a hill burn, using the worm. When trout went out of condition in October, he wisely left off. When "the singing of birds and the hum of the mountain bee are replaced by the sighing of the wind among leafless branches, or along a bleak hillsides," then the angler, who has followed his vocation in the joyous springtime, and again when the summer's sun throws its rich glories over mountain and valley, will not lose much by bidding adieu to the streams for the season and awaiting, with thankfulness for the past and bright hopes for the future, the coming of another spring. With that advice we can rest content.

FORTY YEARS A SOLDIER*

LIFE along the Indian frontier has always been a stirring one, and this applies with peculiar significance to the north-west part of it, for there battle, murder, and sudden death are almost the daily lot of those wardens of the Marches whose exploits are dealt with in this admirable book. It has been said that the rise of India and the shaping of its military, political and economic policy are indissolubly connected with certain famous families, in which that of Young-husband is rightly numbered. The author began his military career in the 17th Foot, now the Leicestershire Regiment, and on electing to serve with the Indian army he was fortunate enough to be transferred to the Guides. The latter was then a rough and ready fighting corps, and the author tells us that in those early days they paid little heed to the conventionalities of dress; indeed, the commanding officer appeared one day on parade clad in light buff Newmarket boots, with the full-dress sword of an aide-de-camp to the Queen, and a brown leather belt.

The Guides have their permanent headquarters at Mardan, some thirty miles north of Peshawar. Throughout their part of the frontier, raiding by young and budding braves from the border tribes is of constant occurrence; they have been brought up in a school of warfare and with them it is a case of the survival of the fittest.

Ghazis, or those whose religious fanaticism leads them to desperate deeds, have also to be dealt with, and the present reviewer, who has served on and beyond the Indian frontiers, recalls an incident which is a striking illustration of life in that turbulent area. Two border tribesmen, obsessed with the belief, common to all such fanatics, that they would thus gain everlasting paradise, had crossed the border into British territory with the intention of slaying at least two sahibs. They had, it appeared at the trial, covered a great distance and, tired with their exertions, had gone to sleep in a maize field, hoping in the late afternoon to meet and stab some of the officers as they came down a zig-zag path to the tennis court below the fort. However, when they awoke night had fallen, so they cast about and discovered two Hindu hospital bearers lying asleep in the garden, for it was then summer and the heat was great. In the eyes of the two Ghazis the Hindus were infidels, poor prey in comparison with the sahib-log, but not to be lightly put aside in the circumstances. They were, therefore, stabbed to death in their sleep, but the cries of one of them alarmed the guard, and soon armed parties were out scouring the country far and wide, with the result that the assassins were apprehended. Of such incidents is life along the frontier made up, and thus it comes about that the Guides are often called upon to protect life and property from all and sundry, and it follows that constant readiness to march and to strike hard and swiftly is the watchword of this celebrated corps.

Much has been written and said for and against the system of conducting our frontier campaigns and the termination of a state of affairs which has kept the border line in a constant atmosphere of war and uncertainty. We are given some interesting sidelights on the respective systems, and the author's observations strike the nail very aptly on the head. One system was to despatch a force to the disturbed area, seek out and defeat the enemy, and then sit tight for such a period as might be necessary to induce the tribesmen to sue for peace and be relieved of the presence of the invaders. Another way was to descend with rapidity and decision on to the hostile territory, destroy all fortified points and villages, defeat the enemy wherever found, and then retire to within British limits. Of the two systems, the latter was the more popular with the fighting men, since it obviated remaining in a poor and desolate country subjected to continued annoyance from recalcitrant tribesmen. Moreover, as the author caustically remarks, favoured individuals from Simla could pay a week-end visit to the seat of war and gather in a medal as easily as asking a lady for a dance. Indeed, we are told that one noble fellow, between dances, so to speak, acquired a mention in despatches, a D.S.O., and a medal and clasp.

Life on the frontier is one of thrilling interest, and we are treated to many episodes which are almost the daily lot of those wardens of the Marches. Imagine, for instance, playing a game of polo at Hurlingham, and at the close of it having to fight your way home through a storm of bullets. Picture sitting down to dinner in Knightsbridge barracks, every officer carrying a revolver, and with his sword ready to hand; yet did the Guides so dine in the days of Lumsden. Again, picture yourself the waiter appearing with the joint or the sweets; behind him comes a sudden apparition, there is a flash, a loud report, and the

commanding officer is dead. That actually happened at a mess on this frontier where the author spent six and thirty years of a useful life.

We have, since the conclusion of the Armistice, heard much of the Mesopotamian problem, and Sir George Younghusband gives us a chapter on it which ought to prove of value to those studying the intricacies of that question to-day. He rightly points out that the most effective way of defending Egypt was not by sitting along the Suez Canal, but by cutting in on the long line of communication of the Turks, which ran the length of Syria and Palestine, a vulnerable line when attacked by a power with command of the sea. It must be admitted that by so doing we could have removed the threat of an invasion of Egypt and obviated the tragedy in Mesopotamia, for the Turkish forces could not have penetrated beyond Asia Minor. Mesopotamia is potentially a valuable property, but it will take time and money to develop it.

Interleaved with his war experiences are many amusing trips to such places as Siam and the Philippine Islands. There is a chapter on polo, which game may be said to have originated in Northern India. In the frontier states of Hunza and Chitral it is the national game, albeit very different from that we see at Ranelagh or Hurlingham. In those frontier lands the polo ground is often the roadway, with stone walls flanking it. The opposing teams may number ten or a dozen, and they charge each other with the violence of a cavalry onslaught, the walls forbidding any evasion of the shock. As the game progresses so does the enthusiasm of the players increase, and, although you may survive the initial charge, you must persevere through the storm from polo sticks, which are wielded with a vigour that takes us back to the days of jousting and tilting at the ring.

The author served during the Chitral campaign of 1895, which had as a result the extension of our Indian boundaries. Chitral is comparatively remote, but of importance in that it leads to Central Asia and on to the Pamirs, the Roof of the World, an area that attracted so much attention some years ago by reason of Russian activities and supposed designs on India. It is a wonderful region, and the present reviewer, who has traversed it on several occasions, once had the good fortune to do so in company with some of the author's Guides.

Altogether this book is one that merits close attention from whatever point of view it is regarded, and the charm of the text is enhanced by some excellent photographs with which it is illustrated.

P. T. ETHERTON.

* *Forty Years a Soldier*, by Major-General Sir George Younghusband. (Jenkins, 16s.)

Lands of the Thunderbolt: Sikhim, Chumbi and Bhutan,
by the Earl of Ronaldshay. (Constable, 16s. net.)

THE name of the place Darjeeling is said to be derived from two words, which mean the Place of the Thunderbolt. Be that as it may, the Tibetan word *Dorjé* (thunderbolt) signifies one of the chief symbols of the power of that elaborately organised religion which dominates the countries described in *Lands of the Thunderbolt*. To the north of Bengal lie the two little states of Sikhim and Bhutan. The former is, with its neighbour Nepal, one of the most mountainous countries in the world. Bhutan, to the east, is only less mountainous in that its highest peaks reach to some twenty-four thousand instead of twenty-eight thousand feet. Lord Ronaldshay returned last year from a term of five years as Governor of Bengal. One of the compensations of that exalted but difficult office is an occasional residence at Darjeeling, the hill-station of Calcutta. It is unfortunate that the "season" at Darjeeling is also the season of fogs and rain, when the view of Himalayas—probably the most magnificent mountain spectacle in the world—can hardly ever be seen. But the late governor, instead of joining in the descent to the plains, turned his footsteps to the hills in the cold months of October and November, and in successive years he made adventurous journeys to the more remote parts of Sikhim and one to Bhutan. Lord Ronaldshay has already made a reputation as a traveller and author, and his descriptions of scenery are those of an accomplished writer. One of the most fascinating of his excursions was made into the heart of that stupendous group of peaks which culminate in the mighty mass of Kanchenjunga. At his camp at 15,600ft., below the Gochak La he was surrounded by some of the most sublime mountains in the world, Kauchenjunga, Simvu, the mighty abutments of Kabru and the lovely cone of Pandim. "It is easy to understand that such works of Nature impel man to worship. Vast, silent, immovable, they stand for permanence in a world of flux. To the animist they are the embodiment of inexorable power, to the pantheist the incarnation of the sublime. Before we left the pass we were to see them undergo a dramatic transfiguration. From a glorious incarnation of the sublime they became a fierce embodiment of wrath. For up the draughty channel of the Talung valley angry clouds came eddying, transforming the expression of serene repose on the face of the great white world to an angry scowl. It was symbolic of the storm of anger and hatred which, far away in the plains of India, over the frost-bound stretches of Russia—yea, and amid the green fields and beneath the soft breezes of the Emerald Isle—was sweeping over the world of man." In his journey to Bhutan Lord

Ronaldshay visited a country which has been very seldom traversed by Europeans. Formerly Bhutan was a turbulent and troublesome neighbour of Bengal, until an end was put to her evil course by a war in 1865. During the present century the relations between the two countries have been increasingly cordial, and Lord Ronaldshay was the bearer to the Maharaja of the insignia of the G.C.I.E. Western Bhutan is a country where fantastic monasteries cling like martins' nests to precipitous cliffs, and huge Tong, mediæval forts of colossal strength, command the valleys from impregnable heights. But the book contains more than a record of travel and descriptions of scenery. There is a thoughtful and well considered account of Buddhism, more particularly of that blend of Buddhism and Nature-worship which is found in the mountain countries bordering on Tibet. There are vivid descriptions of monasteries, ceremonies and devil dances. We are given a short account of the life of Buddha and a concise summary of his teaching. Of lamas we are told that they show "an attractive gentleness and kindness of disposition, a dignified and courteous hospitality, and withal a cheerfulness and friendliness, which bear witness that the influence of an outstanding character and personality lives and works for good, unaffected by the flight of time." In the last chapter, entitled "The Outstanding Glory of Buddhism," the author essays, with considerable success, to proclaim "the silent and, perhaps, scarcely recognised influence which the teaching of Gautama has exercised upon the conduct of mankind." There is a good map, and the volume is well illustrated with a number of photographs taken by the author.

A. F. R. W.

The Peaks of Shala, by R. W. Lane. (Chapman and Dodd, 12s. 6d. net.)

MRS. LANE, travelling to Constantinople, was tempted by two American girls, whom she encountered on the route, to interrupt her journey at Scutari and visit the mountains of Albania. For who could resist an invitation like this? "Up in those mountains—right up there in those mountains, a day's journey from here—the people are living as they lived twenty centuries ago, before the Greek or the Roman or the Slav was ever known. There are prehistoric cities up there, old legends, songs, customs that nobody knows anything about. Practically no one's ever been there. Only one foreigner's ever seen them." The three ladies, escorted by an interpreter, who was also secretary to an Albanian Minister, and a small boy of twelve years, set out on ponies from Scutari, and in a few hours of progress toward the mountains they receded as many centuries of civilisation. They were happily of an adventurous kind, and laughed at difficulties and dangers at which many another might have quailed. The authoress warns the reader in a Preface that the book must not be taken too seriously, and that it is not a contribution to the world's knowledge. Be that as it may, the book was written by a very shrewd observer, when the impressions of her trip were still hot in her memory, and it may be taken as a very fair picture of peasant life in the highlands. Their sex stood them in good stead, for nobody in Albania shoots a woman, nor yet a man in woman's company. Tribal feuds, which often mean a family extermination, are part of the unwritten law of the land. Every man on the road is suspect, and all go in danger of their lives. Contrarily enough, the usual form of greeting in a chance encounter is "May you live long!" and the reply, "To you long life." More than once these intrepid ladies shouted this greeting to make their presence known, and so prevented hasty shooting. Not unnaturally, the travellers were at pains to understand the position and treatment of the Albanian women. When it has been said that no woman is ever wantonly shot, little remains on the credit side. It was formerly the custom for children to be betrothed before they were born; now this is delayed until they are two or three years old. No members of the same tribe may marry, as the tribe is technically the family derived from a common ancestor. On the marriage day the bride, elaborately dressed, is carried screaming and struggling from her father's house, carrying one gift, a pair of fire tongs. When she arrives at her husband's house she is required to

stand in a humble place, with eyes downcast, and for three days she may not move, nor speak, nor take food. But the system works better than one might suppose. "I cannot say that the custom makes much unhappiness," said the Bishop of Pultit. "Husbands and wives are good comrades; they almost never quarrel, and they are devoted to their children." A scalp-locked Shala chief offered to pay twenty thousand kronen for Mrs. Lane to become his wife, because he believed that an American woman would help in his work for the tribe. In spite of feuds and poverty and ignorance, they would seem to be not an unhappy people.

(Other reviews of recent books will be found on page lxvi.)

THE SANDPIPER

THE dainty little sandpiper or summer snipe reaches our shores in the month of April and leaves us again by the end of September. The return of this bird to its beloved haunts by river, stream, and loch is a welcome sight to naturalist and fisherman alike. The former knows that the most interesting time of the year is at hand for him, and the fisherman looks forward to the mayfly season, which is not far distant. Sandpipers are quite common on the



PERPETUAL MOTION PERSONIFIED.

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river Wye, where many pairs nest annually. Although numerous pairs make their homes near feeding streams, the majority are to be found nesting in the vicinity of the main river. With the dipper the reverse is the case.

Incubation commences early in May, but fresh eggs may be met with late in June. The number of eggs is generally, and not invariably, four. I have found many nests containing only three eggs in an advanced stage of incubation. The nest, should the site be dry, is a flimsy structure of dry leaves, bits of rush and withered grass. In damp places it is built tolerably firm. A number of nests may be found in a small area, although the bird is not gregarious. Young sandpipers can run as soon as hatched and are adept at effacing themselves, and their parents will try every means to draw you away from their vicinity. On the ground the sandpiper is perpetual motion personified. It is constantly flirting its neck up and down and stretching and withdrawing it. What a seemingly unsteady and wavering flight it has, too. This is especially noticeable as it flies across a wide river. One almost expects to see it fall into the water; yet how many miles it travels on migration to and from this country. The sandpiper, in my experience, is a fairly easy bird to photograph. The nest pictured here was built a distance of 25 yards from the river, beneath the shelter of a thorn bush. A water-bailiff reported the situation of the nest to me and also helped me in concealing myself. A small green tent covered with fresh green branches made a very efficient hiding place. The bird approached the nest in a circumspect manner. Its plaintive cry, "Wheet, wheet, wheet," was constantly uttered as it neared the eggs, and its body was in constant motion. Whenever my companion visited the nest to see how matters were progressing the bird slipped quietly off the eggs, ran a number of yards and then took flight to the river. Several visits of the female were recorded, photographically, but the male did not put in any appearance at the nest during my sojourn there. My home is not far from the



A FLIMSY STRUCTURE OF DRY LEAVES, BITS OF RUSH AND WITHERED GRASS.



ON HER EGGS.

river Wye, and at all hours during summer nights I have heard the sandpiper's plaintive whistle.

ARTHUR BROOK.

CHANCELLOR

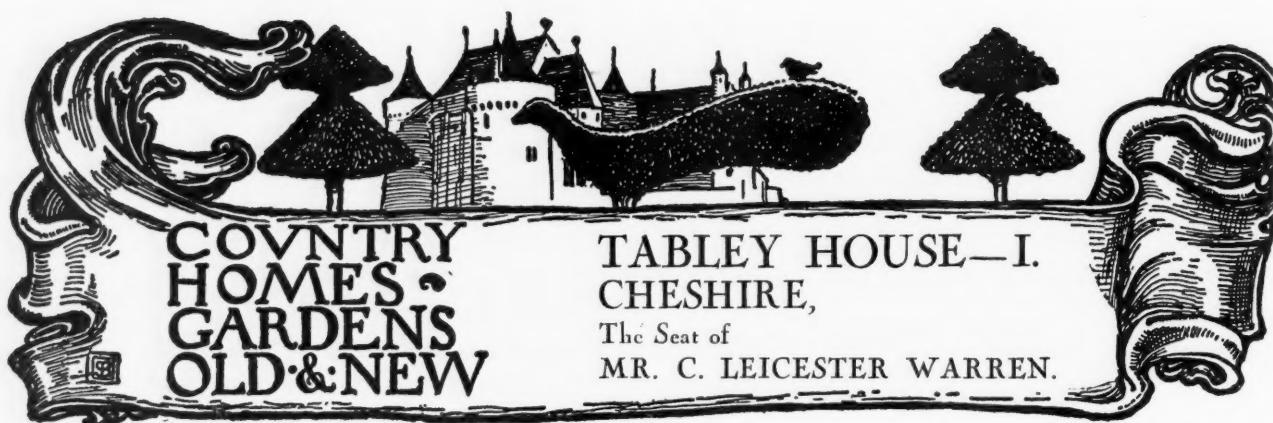
Chancellor! More like a bumble-bee,
I thought, as they handed him out to me,
A soft round bundle of black and tan:
"And a smart 'un, Sir," said the kennel man,
"Out of Chancery's dam by our own Kildare,
And he'll do you proud if you treat him fair."
Then the drone of the dogcart died away,
And I set him down on the lawn to play.

And I heard in the woods a whip thong crack,
The cry of a hound and "Tallu 'o back!"
A touch on the horn, then hoofs in flight
And "Hark to Chancellor! Jim, that's right!"
Then I saw the pack string out at speed
And a dark hound running alone in the lead
Over grass and plough, over heath and hill,
To a single-handed and savage kill.

Then I thought of the months that lay between
This fat-ribbed pup and that final scene—
Of chickens worried and gloves in rags
Before he is judged on the kennel flags—
Of blossoms broken and slippers torn
Before he has heed of the huntsman's horn—
Of all the care and the curses loud
Ere Chancellor's day when he "does me proud."

Yet—somehow or other—I like to feel
There's a lolling foxhound pup at heel.
When the riding days are over and done
If you can't have the pack you can still have *one*,
And the mischief he does you can soon forget
For the sake of the dreams he can bring you yet,
And walking a puppy you still can claim
That you carry a share in the grandest game.

WILL H. OGILVIE.



COUNTRY HOMES & GARDENS OLD & NEW

TABLEY HOUSE—I. CHESHIRE, The Seat of MR. C. LEICESTER WARREN.

TABLEY, to some, calls up the picture of a large red brick Georgian house with brown stone pillars and facings, looking across a slope of dun rough grass to a mere where Tabley Old Hall lies, with the church, upon an island dark with trees, and woods a thick screen beyond. To a few it is the name of a strange man, high of stature, of archaic, almost hierarchical mien, passing unrecognised and unrecognising through crowded streets, yet wistful for friendship, lonely, disappointed.

The third Lord de Tabley was a poet, eclipsed by the fiercer light of his friends Tennyson and Browning and by the brilliancy of Swinburne. When their works came hot from the brain together, Warren's (as he then was) suffered fatally by the comparison. But after the lapse of half a century, during the latter part of which they have fallen, save with a few lovers of the minor pre-Raphaelites, into oblivion, his poems discover a music which, though rich and stately, is strangely in harmony with the sadness of our own age. Passed over in the sleek contentment of her birth-years, his mournful and beautiful muse rouses admiration in the few who think to look on her to-day.

"He is Faunus," Lord Tennyson, who was a warm admirer of his verse, once said; "he is a woodland creature." For his nature charmed but eluded all who knew him, and they were a remarkable if restricted circle: Tennyson, Browning, Watts Dunton, Edmund Gosse, Gladstone, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Sir A. W. Franks, Robert Curzon, Sir William Watson, Austin Dobson, Frederick Locker and a few others. Kind, excessively sensitive, as playful as a child, and then the mute sage, the naturalist, the accomplished scholar, the antiquary, the bibliophile delighting in the obscurer poets of the seventeenth century, the author of a standard work on book plates, the grim head of a family, at the end of his life the dutiful

squire—these were all disguises of his personality. Yet, not disguises, for they were each a part. Rather, facets. "His character," says Mr. Gosse, "was like an opal, where all the colours lie perdue, drowned in a milky mystery, and so arranged that to a couple of observers, simultaneously bending over it, the prevalent hue shall in one case seem a pale green, in the other a fiery crimson." Some of Mr. Gosse's epithets in his charming essay on Lord de Tabley—such as "the most shadowy of men," "moth-like," "invisible," and "his radiant dimness"—have begotten a rumour that he is the original of Mr. Beerbohm's Enoch Soames in "Seven Men," for whom, you remember, that "dim" was the *mot juste*. It may be possible that these characteristics went to the conception of Soames, but that unhappy individual, if he represents any particular man, seems nearer to Ernest Dowson.

In de Tabley's larger works, two metrical dramas—"Philoctetes" and "Orestes"—the level of excellence is very high, with lines and passages of extreme beauty, such as this example from one of the choruses of the former:

Pan is a god seated in nature's core,
Abiding with us;
No cloudy ruler in the delicate air-belts :
But in the ripening slips and tangles
Of cork-woods, in the bull-rush pits where oxen
Lie soaking chin-deep :
In the mulberry orchard
With milky kexes and marrowy hemlocks,
Among the floating silken under-darnels.
He is a god this Pan
Content to dwell among us, nor despairs
The damp hot wood-smell . . .
Pan too will watch in the open glaring
Shadeless quarry quiet locusts
Seething in the blaze on vine leaves.



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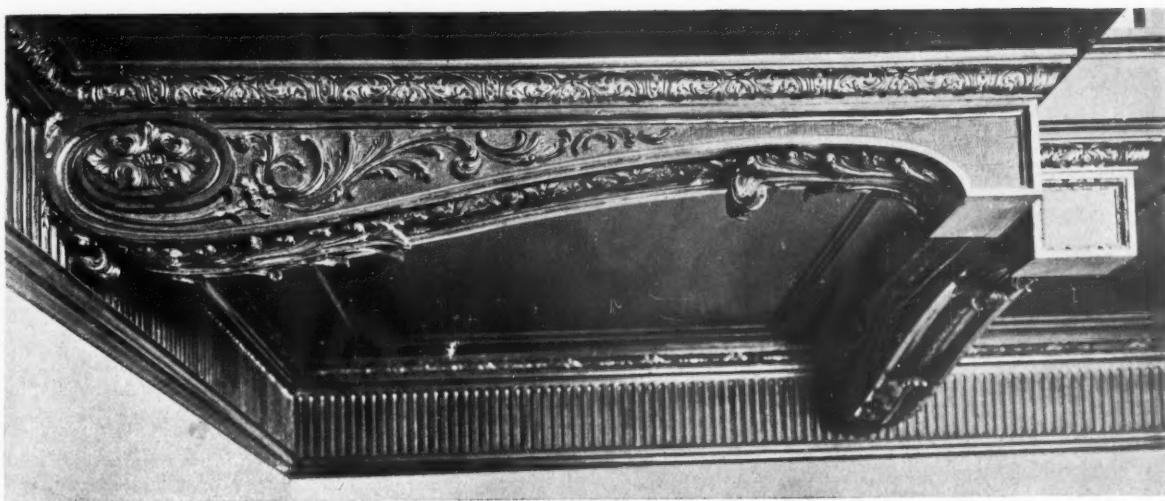
I.—THE ORIGINAL ENTRANCE FRONT, FACING SOUTH.

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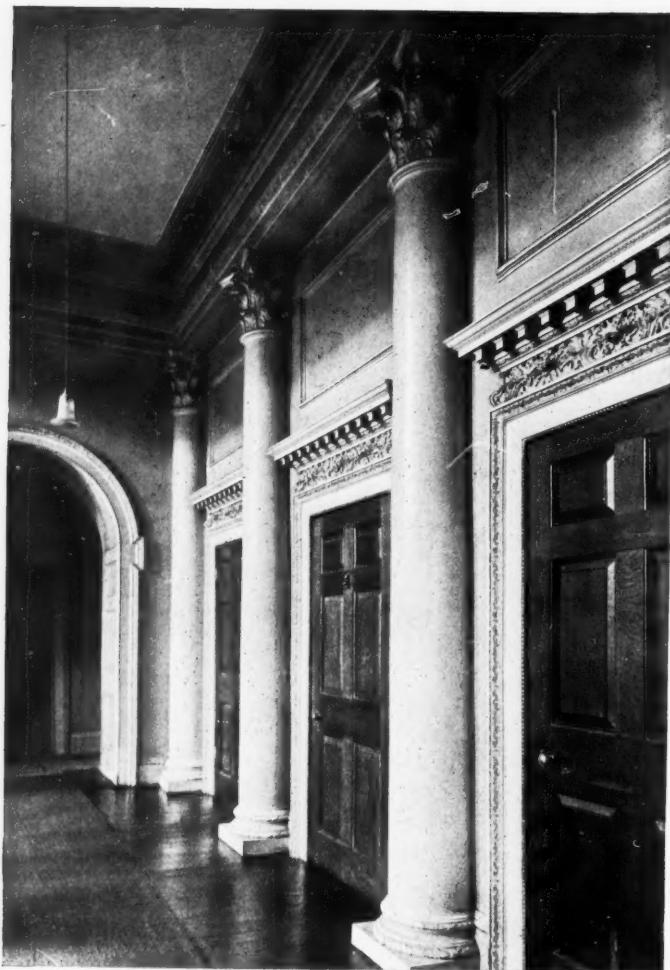
2.—DETAIL OF ONE OF THE BRACKETS SUPPORTING THE LANDINGS. BY SHILLITO OF YORK (?).



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3.—THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—IN THE COLONNADE AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.



5.—LOOKING TOWARDS THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

Again, in "A Study of a Spider," we find, as in much of de Tabley's work, this scientific but passionate observance of nature :

Thy winding sheets are grey and fell
Imprisoning with nets of hell
The lovely births that winnow by,
Winged sisters of the rainbow sky :
Elf-darlings, fluffy bee bright things
And owl-white moths with mealy wings.

These last two lines have a haunting, fairy loveliness, and Tennyson's description of de Tabley as Faunus recurs to the mind. "But he always struck me," said Mr. A. C. Benson, "as being a curious instance of the irony of destiny—a man with so many sources of pleasure and influence open to him . . . yet bearing always about with him a curious attitude of resignation and disappointment, as though life were, on the whole, a sad business, and for the sake of courtesy and decency, the less said about it the better; for 'courtesy,' like a subtle fragrance, interpenetrated all he did or said." This sorrowful disgust with life marks almost every line he wrote, and he pathetically confesses in "An Old Man's Consolation" :

My days have borne no fruit as men account
The good of life, success, emoluments,
Respect in public prints. . . .

De Tabley never married, in spite—perhaps because—of his deep need of affection; for, notwithstanding his determined effort after courage and calm, he had an intimate despair of gaining the encouragement of others. Towards the end of his life his sense of failure became settled and found expression in all he wrote. The following verse from "A Simple Maid" he seems to be crooning to himself :

Thou hast lost thy love poor fool,
Creep into thy bed and weep.
Loss must be a maiden's school
Loss and love and one long sleep.
Half her time perplexed with tears
Till the dust end all her years—
All her fears.

He shared with the pre-Raphaelites a love of gorgeous word-patterns, and his poetry abounds in gem-like ornaments upon a stiff brocade of artistry—with miniature backgrounds of sun and wind-kissed landscape—as this, of a frosty day at Tabley :

When the waves are solid floor,
And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystallised hoar
And the red leaf nailed aground. . . .

Or sometimes the glimpse is of a dusty, book-piled library. A world of description lies in this line quoted by Mr. Gosse :

On worm-drill'd vellum of old-time revenges.

But the general impression left by his poetry is that of weariness, of decadence, the russet mortality of autumn woods. Like a skilled musician seated at a cathedral organ in the October dusk after the church has emptied, he seems to stroke the keys of poetry with deft, gentle fingers, suffering his sorrows to overflow in deep, rocking chords, rolling among the columns of the dark. Then with a lighter touch he would pipe a meadow strain, or a homely song of cottage doors. Each merged into each as he played, but little caring who listened below. It is all a magnificent improvisation, now reminiscent, now straight from the heart. For of intellectual force his poetry has little, though always scholarly and always true and rich.

At first sight it is difficult to reconcile this portent with the hardy comfort of Cheshire. But from time to time the cold earth of Cheshire crops out, as in "The Sale at the Farm" :

I dyked the solid marls with sturdy zeal,
Slaved like ten ploughmen in November drift,
And bent the stubborn fallows to my will.—

And—

His lean kine, like Egypt's plague, at grass
Where sprouts one blade of herbage to the score
Of rushes stubbled close as urchin quills.

What landowner does not know the look of that field? Thus considered, his work reflects what, at base, he was—a country gentleman with a Latin mother, much travelled abroad, self-exiled to London, a disappointed man, and squire of Tabley.

It was this essence in him, so one ventures to hazard, that his literary friends, meeting him as an anchorite in London, overlooked. It supplied the reticence as his mother's blood gave the fire of

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his spirit. But, as he wrote, in the same "Consolation" quoted above :

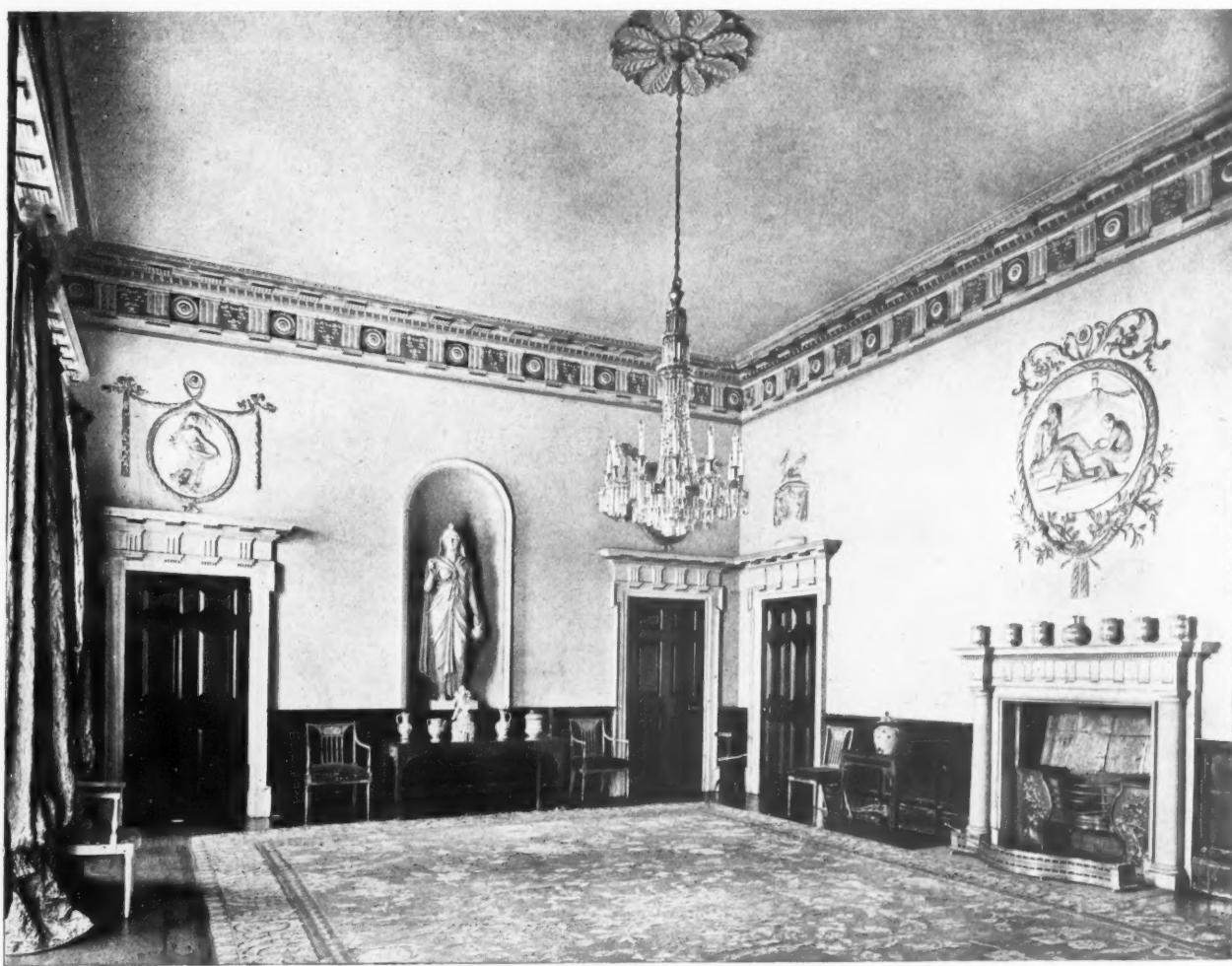
I have not blinded nature from my heart,
Refusing to the common fields and clouds
Their excellence of glory . . .
But every flower that feeds on English air
In wilding pomp is my familiar friend.

The last Lord de Tabley had certainly not much in common with his home or county. The old and solid aristocracy that flourished in Cheshire in his time, and still to some extent in our own, had little interest in his poetry. For society was not much changed from the days of the Amicia controversy in which Sir Peter Leicester and Sir Thomas Mainwaring engaged in the sixteen seventies, or when we dropped the thread of Tabley history last week with the death of Sir Peter's grandson, Sir Francis, in 1742. The direct male line then ended and his daughter's son succeeded. She had married, secondly, Sir John Byrne of Timogue, and it was their son, Sir Peter Byrne,

other complications : whether the books, medals, etc., could be moved from Nether Tabley to a new house in Over Tabley, and whether he could cut timber on the late baronet's land to build anywhere else than on that estate, as Sir Francis seems to have directed that none should be taken but what should be used thereon.

Altogether, Sir Francis seems to have been most suspicious of his Irish heir, and to have had a dread that the old hall would be molested. It, undoubtedly, would have been had he not taken legal precautions. Though the old Hall was resettled many years ago, and is now kept up for pure love of the place, it is owing to Sir Francis Leicester's precautions at the time that we owe such a remarkable example of a seventeenth century house, deserted, but carefully maintained, since the middle of the eighteenth century.

But twenty years elapsed before the new house was actually begun. It is unfortunate that there should be a lacuna in the family correspondence, which is otherwise most carefully



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6.—THE OLD ENTRANCE HALL; PALE BLUE AND WHITE WALLS.

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who assumed the name of Leicester and came into the Tabley estates.

From the first, Sir Peter Byrne Leicester found the dark old Hall in the mere, half surrounded by woods, somewhat depressing. Probably, he also suspected it as unhealthy ; and, certainly, the architect Ware was at that time setting forth the advantages of building on rising ground with a command of "prospects." In the year he succeeded, therefore, we find correspondence inquiring into the possibility of demolishing the old Hall and building a new one.

There were, however, unsuspected obstacles. By the terms of the late Sir Francis's will, Sir Peter only inherited Tabley on the condition that he kept the old house in repair.

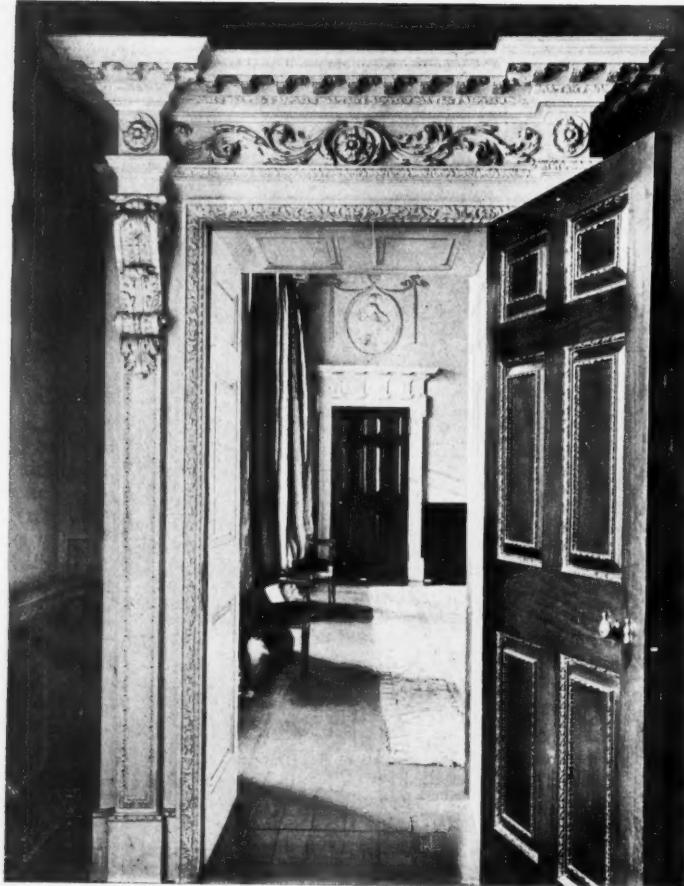
The Manor House at Nether Tabley being old and not commodious, Sir Peter intends to build a new one at a considerable expense. He is more inclined to build it on some part of his Over Tabley estate, lately purchased out of the money raised by the sale of his Irish estate. There is a good situation in Nether Tabley facing the old house, and another in Over Tabley called the High Field, about half a mile directly beyond that.

The question was whether Sir Peter could take down the old Hall without building another in Nether Tabley, or whether he was not obliged to keep the old Hall in repair. There were

preserved and docketed, for the years 1761-71, the period of the building. The estate accounts remain, however, and from them we can discover the progress of the building, the names of the workmen employed, and the origin of the materials. Carr of York was architect, with two surveyors under him—Owen, who was clerk of the works on the spot ; and one William Atkinson of Hyde Park Corner, who in 1766 received £31 10s., being two years' wages, though for what is not clear. But all payments to Carr himself, having been made from Sir Peter's private account, have disappeared, though by applying the professional 5 per cent. to the total expenses we can find roughly what he received.

Though timber was collected during the autumn of 1760, work was actually begun after the winter, the cellars being excavated in April, and by the autumn the vaulting of the basement was in course of completion. In February of 1762 a payment was made "for Team work at the Collumn [sic] of the Portico." From this it appears that the columns of Runcorn stone were set up in advance of the walls. But, after this, attention seems to have been diverted to the building of some mills near by. Already in June, James Oates and other masons had arrived at Tabley from Yorkshire and by August

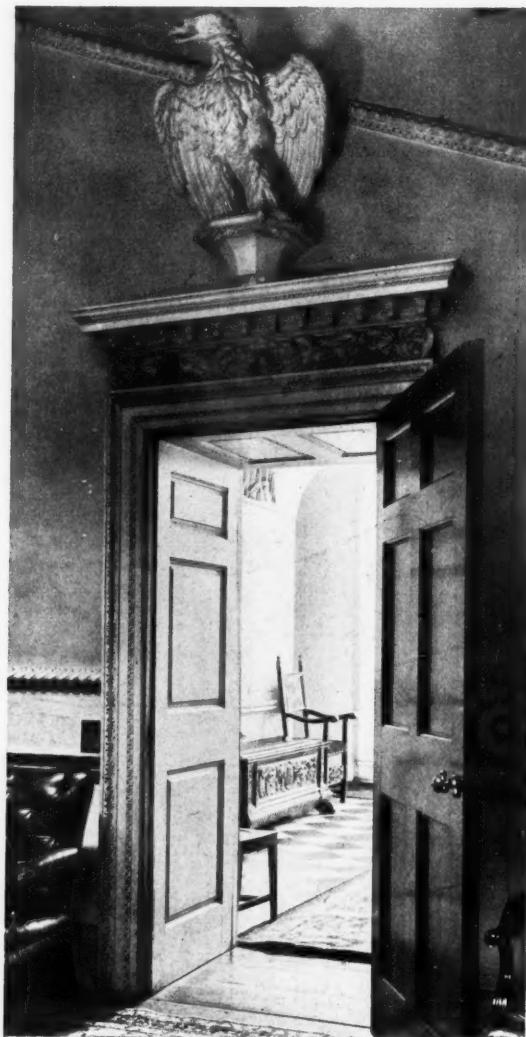
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7, 8 and 9.—THREE CARVED DOOR-CASES WITH MAHOGANY DOORS: EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF THE YORK SCHOOL OF CARVING.

there is a note that Oates had got the stone—which may have been holding things up. Trouble at Appleton quarries again delayed the masons in the autumn, but in November £247 worth of deals arrived from Mr. Rathbone of Liverpool, and things went better at the quarries after December, when a further £446 worth of timber arrived. During the winter 1762-63 work was carried out on the gardens and was begun on the interior. Thomas Oliver, the plasterer, first appears in that winter, to whom, for the next five years, payments are continuous. So do the painters, and, most important, Daniel Shillito and Mathew Bertram, the carvers, the former of whom received the highest pay of anybody.

By January of 1764 mahogany began to arrive for Shillito, who, no doubt, is responsible for the excellent carving on all the internal doors. The beautiful carved wood chimneypieces, of which there are a



number in great variety (Figs. 10 to 13), were probably also the work of Shillito and Bertram, whom, no doubt, Carr had brought from York, where a flourishing school of carvers worked all through the century. The development of this York school of carvers and plasterers, whose traditions went back to before Grinling Gibbons, is distinct, but largely anonymous. Marble chimneypieces were procured by Carr himself from York, for which he received £61 4s.

By August, 1765, a gift of 5 guineas was made to the workmen on rearing the west wing, and in November Millington stone arrived for coping. The building would appear therefore to have reached the roof, and slaters' bills began to require payment. All next year work went on in the interior, and there is a note of Carr procuring grates from Yorkshire. These must have been of the type seen in the old entrance hall (Fig. 6), for the charming circular one in Fig. 10 is evidently much later, possibly of the early eighteenth century, when the first Lord de Tabley made certain alterations.

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10 AND 11.—TWO BEDROOM CHIMNEYPEICES, WITH LATER GRATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

As originally designed, the entrance was up the steps and under the portico into the classical entrance hall (Fig. 6). By that arrangement the great court contained by the wings and the detached stable block behind—as shown in the model (Fig. 14)—was entirely given over to base uses. During last century, however, this back entrance was made into the principal one, and imposing arches designed by Robert Curzon, the author of "Monasteries of the Levant," were constructed leading into what now became the forecourt. The alteration, however, cannot be said to be architecturally successful, as the rear façade has none of the dignity of the proper front. The great arches, though, are interesting for their bold proportions, though the habits of the age are shown in the use of stucco for what is meant to be stonework.

By the end of 1767 the house seems to have been finished, and furniture was being procured. Already, in 1764, £30 had

been paid to Thomas Smith of Hull for a billiard table which, however, has disappeared. Kent, an upholsterer, was paid £175, and it would be interesting to know if this person was any relation to William Kent, the designer, of the earlier part of the century. After 1770, moreover, four other upholsterers—Messrs. Spinnage, Ellick, Sherrett and Martindale—were paid lesser sums. These payments occur in a list of bills "paid at Sir Peter's death in 1770." They are headed by Mr. Cotes, portrait painter, £84, for two full lengths of Sir Peter and Lady Leicester; Mr. Devies, landscape painter, received £27; and Mr. Wilson, ditto, £33. Mr. Boydell got 10 guineas for prints, and Mr. Gossett £50 for picture frames. Payments also appear to Mr. Carr of £73 and Mr. Taylor, architect, of £63. This is interesting, as it must refer to Robert Taylor, knighted in 1783, founder of the Taylorian Museum at Oxford, which was built in 1845, architect of Stone Buildings,



12 AND 13.—IN FIRST FLOOR ROOMS. ALL THE CHIMNEYPEICES ARE DIFFERENT.

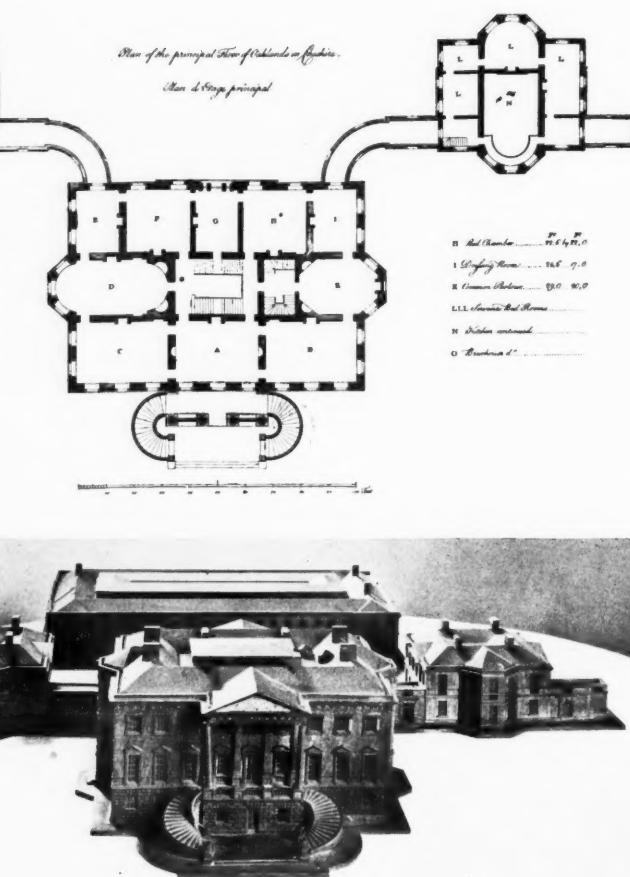
Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a great number of other public and private edifices. Here, however, he must have attended purely in a consultative capacity, which is a not improbable circumstance, since at this date he was, with Payne, the busiest architect of the day.

The work of Mr. Oliver, the plasterer, in the entrance hall is an interesting version of what Adam was to bring to greater beauty. Already there are chaste wreaths and smoking tripods, and medallions of decided merit as to modelling. But the effect is heavy. A most interesting detail is the specimen of *Garrya elliptica* which is seen blossoming in the boughs above the hall chimneypiece. There a whole branch of that shrub is seen (or whatever the model was, for *Garrya* was not actually introduced to these islands from California until well into the eighteen-twenties), and the short lambstails hang perpendicularly from among the leaves. The detail of the cast-iron grate is amusing—a strange bird perched in a little tree, while the use in the ceiling frieze of the Leicester fleurs-de-lis, in a shape suggestive of the classic ox-skull, is ingenious.

From the entrance hall is reached the great staircase (Fig. 3) lighted from the domical ceiling. Admittance to-day is gained from the opposite side, through the doorway shown in Fig. 9, beyond which can be seen the lobby, contrived by the first Lord de Tabley. A fine doorway (Fig. 7) faces the foot of the stairs and gives into what, in 1809, became the picture gallery, running the whole depth of the house, but which was originally three rooms.

The staircase itself is a fine leisurely composition. But the heavy gallery on the first floor and the almost too gradual ascent to it are characteristics of Carr's preference of comfort to grandeur. The carving on the great brackets that support the landings, though, is good (Fig. 2), and is traditionally ascribed to Chippendale. Not only is there no mention of that master in the accounts, but the work has not his extreme delicacy. Shillito, no doubt, is the carver responsible. The stairs culminate in a stately columned portico (Figs. 4 and 5), containing a trio of richly carved doorways with an arch at either end.

The plan, Fig. 14 (a), shows the western rooms before they were knocked into one long gallery. In the basement, which contains many of the family living-rooms—the offices being set in



14.—(a) CARR'S PLAN, FROM "VITRUVIUS BRITANNICUS."
(b) A MODEL OF THE HOUSE, WITH LATER STABLES BEHIND.

the wing pavilions—there is also a most attractive broad passage running the length of the house and terminating in French windows. When all was told, the expenses of the new house must have reached about £20,000. Of this, however, a good deal went in furniture, gardens, etc., so that £15,000 probably represents the cost of the building itself. If Carr received the professional 5 per cent., therefore, he probably got about £750.

One of the chief interests of Tabley to-day is the collection of English pictures which remain from the first Lord de Tabley's patronage of the men of 1800. Next week we will illustrate some of them and touch on the artists' relations with their patron, to whom a great number of their letters remain.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

CLUB HUNTING

THE shops in which second-hand articles are exposed for sale do not as a rule attract me. I do not like the look of other people's clothes, nor have I any delusion as to my powers of picking up, as I gather that some clever ones do, an undoubted Sir Joshua or an original edition of "Paradise Lost" for eighteenpence. But I admit that I have sometimes looked with a sneaking desire at the golf clubs in the windows of second-hand shops. There might be among them a magic wand, the very thing needed to put me on to my fast waning game, and it is only a contemptible shyness, a shame-faced fear, that someone will see me and think that I am going in to pawn my last stud, that has stood in my way. The other day, however, I chanced to be walking in London with a golfing friend when we passed a window in which were several old clubs arranged in an artistic pattern amid trunks and uniforms and saddles and some beautiful tawdry garments of blue and yellow that had once, apparently, belonged to a jockey. Among them was one on which we both fixed our gaze. Here really was the old master to be bought for a shilling. It was a Park's patent putter, clearly of a rare and early vintage.

It had a neck with just the right, unmistakable crook and a long head that had grown slender with the polishing of years. It was clearly old because all traces of the maker's name had vanished from the back and the leather grip was a noticeably thick one, whereas to-day nearly everyone has the thinnest possible grips. Neither of these things are, to be sure, conclusive

evidence, but there is not, as far as I know, any regular business of faking golf clubs, as if they were Chippendale chairs.

My friend being more bold-faced than I, we went in and stated with studied negligence that there was a club in the window we should rather like to see. The polite gentleman replied that it could not be taken out then without the whole edifice crashing to the ground, but next morning he would be "changing the window." At the same time next day we went again and the putter was gone. Somebody had come in and bought two sets of second-hand clubs and, wanting a putter as he might want a mere pair of boots, had carried off our treasure. There were many more clubs in the shop and we glanced through them with hopeless, lack-lustre eyes. A more utterly villainous collection I have never seen, with spring everywhere and spring nowhere, and not a respectable head among them. The one jewel had gone, doubtless into the hands of an ignorant clown wholly unworthy of it.

I have looked into the window several times since, but there is nothing there but modern rubbish. I am always faintly hoping for one of those ancient, thin-bladed cleeks, the art of making which has disappeared—as, indeed, has to a large extent the art of playing with them. To hunt for a wooden club in such a place, except, indeed, as a pure curiosity, would be foolish. The shafts of wooden clubs—and they are the important parts of them—have generally "gone" before they came to such degradation, but one might always light by lucky chance on an

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iron or a putter head worth its weight in gold. There is romance and to spare about putter heads picked up by chance. Did not Vardon find an oft-quoted old cleek head in a dusty corner of Ben Sayers' shop, on the day before he was to play off his tie for the Championship at Muirfield, and did he not putt with it like a demi-semi-angel? The "Schenectady" which achieved such miracles for Mr. Travis at Sandwich in 1905, was casually borrowed from a friend. If Mr. Alan Graham did not find the gunmetal putter, with which he is so consistently deadly, in a pawnbroker's window or in a toyshop when buying the "Game of Golf Complete in a Box," all I can say is that it looks as if he had. So there is always a chance of a putter, more especially as you can putt with anything if only you think you can. And then irons—there might be one of those delightful old lofting irons that were used before the upstart name of mashie was ever heard; none of your squat, pug-nosed clubs, but a thing of graceful lines, with plenty of room on the face.

A good iron head is a great possession, and yet there are sometimes the saddest disappointments connected with it. It can be extraordinarily fastidious and hard to please. It declines to be mated to any kind of shaft. If you insist on making an alliance for it which it believes below its station, it will soon, by its outrageous behaviour, cause you to dissolve the union. I have possessed irons which were, I could only conclude, relentlessly

monogamous. Once the first shaft, their proper mate, was broken, they utterly refused to settle down with any other.

I have just been reading an interesting little book of Mr. Hilton's called "Modern Golf," published by the Macmillan Co. of New York, in which he tells a truly poignant story about a head and a shaft. He possessed an iron, "a species of maid of all work" he calls it, "which seldom let me down." After long and faithful service, he thought—a mere idle whim, perhaps—that the shaft was a little past its best. So he had the old one taken out and a new one put in. The new combination was unhappy and he decided to make his peace if he could and have the old shaft replaced. Alas! it could not be found in the litter of the club-maker's shop, so another new one was tried and yet another, even unto eight new ones. None of them was of any use, and at last, in despair, he gave the club away to a friend. About three years afterwards the friend told him that he had had the head put on a derelict shaft he had happened to have by him and, behold, there was the magic wand! He had approached with no other club ever since. It is a truly ironical circumstance that the champion by taking infinite pains could not do what the ordinary mortal did by chance. It encourages me to go on looking in that window—but the next time I see an old master there I shall insist on the whole shop being pulled to pieces if necessary.

BERNARD DARWIN.

THE OLD ROSES

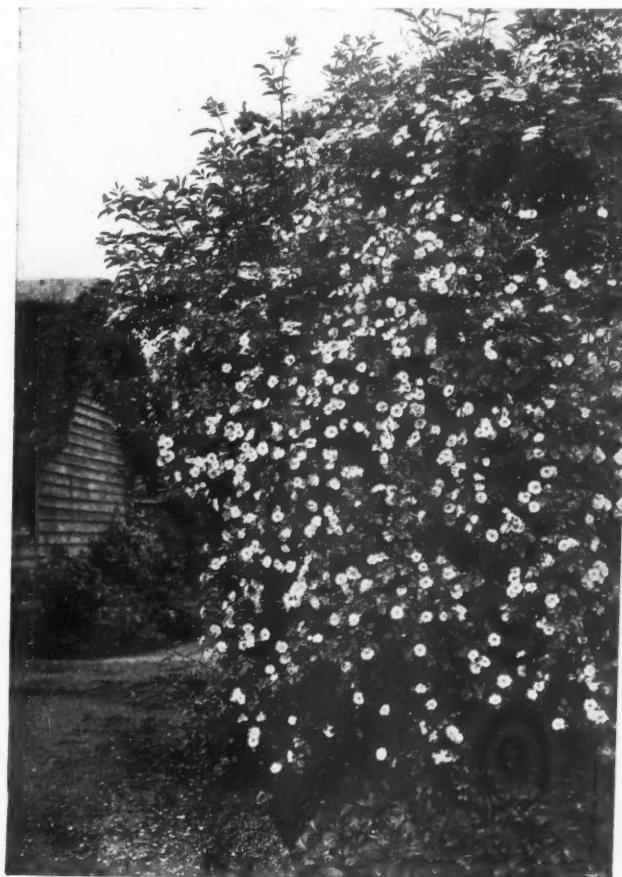
BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE multitude of beautiful roses of the modern kinds that are so splendidly exhibited at the shows and that can be grown in any good rose soil should not make us forget the delightful old roses of our great-grandmothers. In fact, to anyone who has pleasure in the simpler joys of the garden it is the old roses that are the more attractive. One sees beds or whole gardens of the newer kinds—grand things, finely cultivated—one admires and passes on. But in a garden where the old roses are treasured the heart is stirred and the mind uplifted with joy when one comes upon the older favourites. There will be the sweet old cabbage rose (*R. centifolia*) and its variety the moss rose; in both the scent is incomparably sweet, in the case of the moss rose varied in a delightful way by the cordial perfume of the glandular-viscous mossiness. One lingers happily by these sweet old roses, for nothing can surpass them in their power of giving the purest pleasure.

Earlier in the year, beginning in the middle of May, there is the old pink China; not only the first to flower, but with a sprinkling of bloom all through the summer and a fuller quantity in autumn. It will thrive in any soil, although the red variety, the brilliant Cramoisi Supérieur, only does well on good loam. The charming dwarf China Lawrenceana should also be remembered. The roses next in time of blooming will be the Scotch briars; garden varieties, mostly double, of the native *R. spinosissima* that grows in many parts of the British Isles, generally in heathy ground near the sea. They are now not often seen in gardens, except, perhaps, a bush or two of the white, but they are much too good to be lost. Formerly they were in a large number of kinds, in colourings of white and all shades of red from palest flesh pink to deepest crimson, besides clear yellows. In the type plant the flower opens a pale lemon, quickly turning to white. Much like these, but with stiffer, dark-barked wood are the Persian and Austrian briars, both of near Eastern origin, the so-called Austrian briar being the only rose whose colour can be called a pure scarlet. Another old rose of Eastern origin is the Cinnamon rose, in some districts called the Whitsuntide rose, a small flower of a good pink, opening flat, with a sweet small smell, red-barked stems and neat little bluish leaves. The double kind is the one for the garden.

To such an extent are the old roses neglected that one may find many a garden that does not contain a sweetbriar, a bush that gives one of the sweetest scents of early May when the young leaves are still in a tender state. It is a native plant, growing in bushy brakes in thin woodland and waste places, so pointing to one of its good uses in the wilder part of the garden ground. Here also should be *Rosa lucida*, with its deep pink single bloom that does not mind a little shade, for it is apt to burn in fierce sunlight. A mass of this rose is a fine sight in autumn when the leaves turn the brightest yellow, some of them almost scarlet; the abundant fruits are also ornamental. The double form, Rose Button or Rose d'Amour, is worthy of the choicest place in the garden; it is not so free in growth as the single, making neater bushes. The rosy buds when half open are among the loveliest of their kind. Another beautiful old rose that is but seldom seen is the double *Rosa microphylla*, a singularly well dressed looking thing, good for the best position in a sunny place against a balustrade, or in any position where careful architecture would be graced by a thin bush of the highest refinement. The flat-shaped flowers, rosy red in the middle, shading to almost white at the edges, look large in proportion to the foliage, which is small and long shaped and has many leaflets.

There is one week, about the third week of June, when the Damask roses are fullest in flower. The only fault of this charming old rose is that it has but a short season of bloom—perhaps for that reason one prizes it the more when it is there. There is the variety splashed with white, commonly called York and Lancaster, though that name actually belongs to a much more uncommon rose; its proper name is Cottage Maid. A paler red than is usual, of a very charming quality, sometimes occurs, and there is the very dark velvet rose, a rather more than half double Damask. There is also a quite pale double pink that may still be found in some old gardens. It should be noted that the actual Damask rose, wild in Syria, is not of the full red that we consider the usual colour, but is quite a pale pink—almost white. The beautiful variety Reine Blanche, or Hebe's Lip, that has of late years been again brought into cultivation, is a form of Damask. It was a joy that I can never forget when I found it about forty years ago in a cottage garden in



THE DUNDEE RAMBLER; OLD AS THE HILLS, BUT THERE IS NOTHING BETTER.

Sussex. The unopened bud shows a strong red which remains as a kind of picotee edge in the expanded flower. The warm white of the newly opened bloom is of a beautiful quality, like ivory in shadow.

Rosa alba gives us the old cottage white rose ; there is the nearly single, now seldom seen, the commonest being the double white of cottage gardens ; another is the pink Maiden's Blush. Besides these there is the lovely Celeste, a shade pinker than Maiden's Blush, especially beautiful in the opening bud. The albas may be known by the broad, flat, bluish leaflets, deeply serrated at the edges.

Of the older climbing cluster roses there are still some of the Ayrshires that will always hold their own in competition with the best of the modern ramblers. Nothing better than the blush white Garland rose has ever been invented, or the free-blooming Dundee rambler, and there is a charming old rose called Flora, of mushroom pink colouring, that one recognises as one of the flowers of the old eighteenth century pictures.

The free-growing Boursault roses seem to have been quite forgotten, or, if any one is grown, it is the Crimson Boursault, perhaps the least desirable ; for though it is the most free of bloom, the colour is harsh and displeasing. On the other hand, there is Morletti of a good red and the charming Blush Boursault of a colouring quite its own—the purest milk white deepening to a centre of rosy red.

Every old garden, especially in rather out of the way districts, should be searched for its roses. The present writer had the happiness of finding a good bush rose of unknown origin in an old garden. The flowers are large and full, of a good rosy pink and very sweet scented.

ROSE SPECIES

AN APPRAISEMENT AND A PLEA.

WHO shall number the devotees of Queen Rose ? They are for multitude as the sand of the seashore. But by "roses" men usually mean the flowers of the tea, hybrid tea or the hybrid perpetual roses, together with the countless climbing varieties, a large proportion of which show by their polished foliage traces of *Rosa Wichuriana* blood in their veins. New varieties of these sections are bred year by year. Their pedigrees are almost as well known as those of racehorses and prize pigs, and men and women flock to Chelsea and to the National Rose Society's Show in Regent's Park to pay their homage to the latest creations of Mr. Elisha Hicks, Messrs. Bees of Liverpool, or of that veteran among tea rose growers, George Prince of Longworth. Fashions there are, too, in roses, as in other things, and many a variety which, a few years ago,

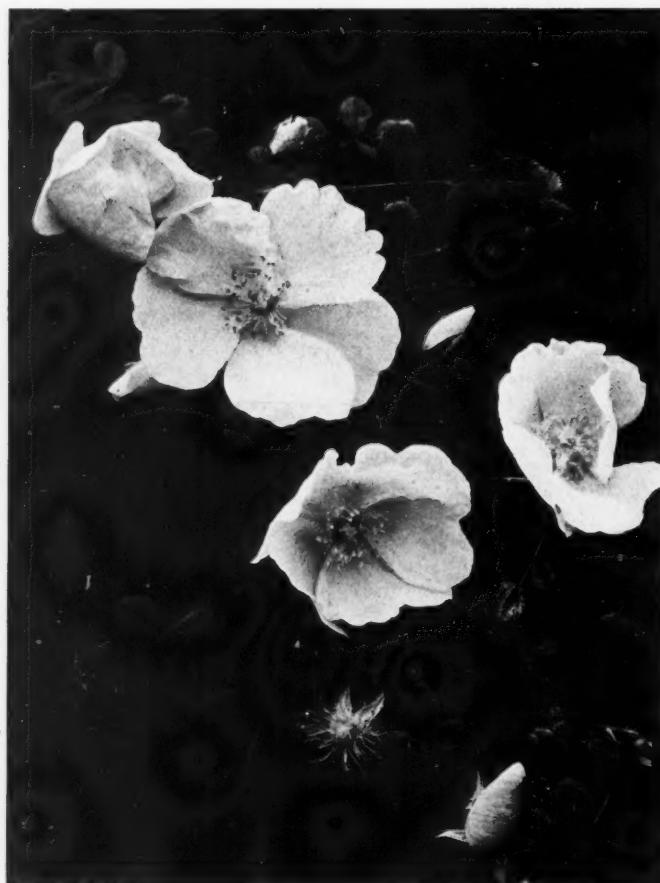


ANOTHER OLD FAVOURITE, THE CABBAGE ROSE.

was hailed with a fanfare of trumpets as the rose *par excellence*, has now passed into oblivion, as it turned out in experience to be only a *reine fainéante*—a poor doer !

I have no desire to belittle the glory of these roses. Many of them, both in form and colour, are lovely beyond compare and really seem to deserve the dithyrambic language of the rose catalogues. Yet, in spite of all their wealth of beauty and colour, it is permissible to urge that these splendid personages are, after all, parvenues of the rose world, creatures but of yesterday, and that they ought not to be allowed entirely to usurp the homage of rose lovers to the exclusion of the many types of rose which, though they cannot flaunt before the world any colours so splendid as those of Independence Day, K. of K. or of some of the hybrids of the Pernetiana section, have got a quiet glory of their own and an interest, historical and botanical, far exceeding these pushful folk of the hybrid perpetual and hybrid tea classes. There are the indigenous roses of other lands, roses from Thibet (like the glorious *R. Moyesii*, with its pure claret coloured flowers and wonderful hips), the Himalayas, China and Japan, Canada and America. There are also the Scotch and the Gallican roses and the dear old-fashioned roses of earlier days, whose very names are a joy and the scent of which no modern roses can outvie, such as *R. Celeste*, the Rose of Tuscany (with its velvet blooms of purple black), the Apothecary's Rose, the York and Lancaster rose, and, last but not least, *R. centifolia*, the old cabbage rose, so rarely seen in modern gardens.

All these roses have glories of their own, glories, moreover, which are spread over the whole year and not limited to a few months in the summer. Some are beautiful by reason of the grace of their foliage (*e.g.*, *R. sericea*, with leaves like little ferns; *R. rubrifolia*, with its glaucous foliage overspread with a bloom like that of a plum; or *R. Wolley-Dod* or *R. Willmottiae*). Others rejoice in their bright red and purple stems, as brilliant in the winter as the red willow (*e.g.*, *RR. Carolina*, *Fendleri*, *alpina*, *Geraldii* (from China), and *virginiana*). Some, like *R. sericea pteracantha*, have translucent spines that give a splendid radiance to the whole tree when the westerly sun strikes athwart it. And then there is the special autumn beauty of the hips, endless in their variety of shape and colour, some a shining jet black like those of *R. altaica*, some round and polished like mahogany (*R. spinosissima*), others scarlet and of great length like *R. Geraldii*, or coral (*R. Nuttalliana* or *R. omiensis*), or bottle shaped and ruby coloured like *R. Moyesii*. Many of these beautiful roses, *e.g.*, the many varieties of *R. spinosissima* (*altaica*, *hispida*, *ochroleuca* or *R. xanthina*), come into flower in mid-May, a long fortnight before the ordinary roses begin to bloom, and irradiate the garden with a gracious loveliness all their own. Nor is the procession of rose species a short one ; it



THE GREAT CUPS OF ROSA HUGONIS.

takes a long while to pass, for such kinds as *R. setigera* (the prairie rose) flower very late, and old-fashioned varieties such as Stanwell Perpetual, flower the whole summer through. Nor ought I, in such a purview, to leave altogether out of the record other roses that are beautiful and interesting, such, for example, as the many hybrids of the Japanese *R. rugosa*, or of *R. centifolia muscosa* (the moss rose), or the charming little *R. pomponia* (Rose de Meaux), or again, such quaint roses as *R. serratiflora*, with its deeply serrated petals unlike any other rose, or *R. viridiflora*, the green monthly rose, worthy of a place in the garden, if not for its beauty, for its botanical interest.

I have said enough to show how we are squandering our rose wealth by paying a disproportionate attention to hybrid

perpetuals and hybrid teas. It is true that the roses, of which I have been writing, require a good deal of space. Many of them grow into large bushes and cannot display their full charms unless they are allowed to grow quite freely, but, on the other hand, they require very little attention, hardly any pruning, save the cutting out of dead wood, and their interest and beauty are great indeed. I shall be happy if I can persuade others to win the same delight that I have won from the cultivation of these varied types of rose, and any help I can give to those who desire to know more about them I shall be heartily glad to render. I have in my own garden some 200 species or sub-species, and I have at present only reached that stage of knowledge which realises how little one knows, and how much there is to know about them!

R. W. CAREW HUNT.

DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

IX.—TEACHING TO GET THROUGH A FENCE.

THE thrower again comes into use when teaching a puppy to go through a fence and hunt for his game in the field beyond. For a start the dummy is thrown over a hedge in sight of the dog and at a place where an inviting gap makes the passage easy. When what is wanted has thus been made clear the thrower is placed about 30yds. out in the field beyond the fence, the cord being brought to the spot where the trainer stands. This should be opposite a low place in the fence so that the puppy can more easily mark the fall, and as he is already acquainted with this procedure on open ground he more readily crosses the fence and goes out into the field. The trainer here introduces the command "Get through," at the same time giving a wave of the hand in the direction of the dummy. These words are useful later on when the dog has to be sent through a fence to hunt for a dummy which he has not seen fall. A blank is fired each time the dummy is thrown, the lesson being continued until the pupil becomes quite reliable in negotiating a fence or similar obstacle. As he progresses, the task is made more difficult by selecting thicker fences, though until this stage can be introduced the same section should be utilised. Too much attention cannot be devoted to this part of a puppy's training, for it is more often neglected than not, with the result that even at trials many dogs are put down for failure under the test. It is fatal to a dog's chance of success, and rightly so, if he refuses to cross a fence without his handler leading the way.

As soon as the above has been accomplished the thrower is discarded, the dummy, or a series of them, being deposited well out into different parts of the field before the pupil is fetched from his kennel. When the lesson begins he is sent through the fence to hunt, this without a blank being fired; hence, he soon realises that search is required even though he may not have seen the dummy fall or been warned by the gun that material exists for a retrieve. The simple order "Get through" sends him past the fence to hunt the ground beyond.

Those who are not accomplished handlers of dogs will do well to remember that on occasions a dog must be sent through a fence in order to catch the scent of a bird which may have taken refuge in its middle. With the wind blowing from the dog to the fence a find is just as impossible as would be the case if the bird were lying out in the field. Hence, when the whereabouts of the quarry is not precisely known the dog should not be hurried out into the field, but be allowed to loiter round the far side of the fence, the odours of which cannot strike him until he has reached the leeside. Of course, if the dog has had a chance to mark the fall on the other side he will go out on his own accord, the scent guiding him back to the fence should the bird have run into the same. When no fall has been marked, and the dog is sent through the fence to seek, his inclination is to try the fence first and only to make the sweep beyond when satisfied that the bird is not there. To try and make him go out into the



THE THROWER AT WORK BEYOND A FENCE.



CORRECTLY EAGER IN GOING OUT.

field right away only confuses his mind and wastes valuable time. Besides this, no opportunity should be lost in encouraging the pupil to make sure of his ground as he goes along.

Frequently, puppies which have found one bird refuse to go out for a second, this being no doubt the result of picking up one bird after each shot. The course of training here laid down is, therefore, specially directed towards teaching the pupil that there is no set limit to the amount of game that awaits discovery, the order "Hie, Lost!" indicating its presence irrespective of other happenings. To emphasise the fact that several head of game may at times require collecting, two or three dummies are dropped, unseen by the puppy, in rough grass. He is then taken in the direction which gives him their wind and receives the order, accompanied by a forward sweep of the hand. The trainer



DEPRESSED WHEN COMING BACK WITHOUT THE DUMMY.



PROUD AND SATISFIED WHEN SUCCESSFUL.

must insist on the pupil taking the direction indicated, when the scent soon strikes his nostrils and offers further encouragement. As soon as one of the dummies has been retrieved a further wave of the hand sends him questing in the same direction, and when another has been found and brought back he is dispatched for the third. At first they should be dropped fairly close together, as it is then quite likely that in scenting one he gains knowledge of the presence of another, being then all the more willing to go out a second time. In due course the task is made more difficult by arranging that the search shall proceed down wind. Blanks are not fired, this in order to show that game may await collection without there being anything to account for its presence, as, for instance, when guns have been popping all around and his services are requisitioned to find a lost bird. Since there is a possibility of this work becoming monotonous, a careful watch must be kept for signs of flagging interest, which should be the signal for its termination for the time being.

When first I take a puppy out to see a brace of partridges down, a dog trained as above seldom evinces any unwillingness to go out for the second bird. Should only one bird have been dropped the retrieve is effected in the ordinary way, but the pupil is at once sent off on a fresh search, and while his attention is so engaged the bird is dropped in a place to which his search may in due course extend. A sharp whistle will cause him to look up, when the place where it lies may be indicated. All this is by the way, but it serves to indicate the importance of teaching what may be termed plural retrieving.

Under all and every condition of training, including fetching the dummy from the other side of a fence, the pupil before being sent out must remain sitting what must appear to him an unnecessarily long time. This is to instil into his mind that however interesting the task may be that awaits the doing there must be patience until the order to go out is given. Visitors to London are always struck by the remarkable control exercised by the police in regulating the traffic, and if you watch a constable on point duty you will notice that he always waits a little longer than seems necessary before allowing the held-up line of traffic to proceed on its way. This delay is the prime essence of the

obedience which has been instilled into the minds of drivers. Well I remember training four spaniels from the same litter in the year 1918. One of them had been tampered with before I got her, and this I did not discover in time to refuse the task of her education. When the first blank was fired she dashed off on the instant, even when there was nothing she could see, and although I only managed to extract the admission that the keeper had had her out a few times, she seemed to know instinctively when a shot was fired that something had been killed. Nell gave more trouble than the other three put together, for not only was she unsteady to shot, but insisted on chasing rabbits, this although the three puppies from the same litter readily became models of good behaviour; but Nell had to have a taste of the whip before she amended her ways. Later, her master reported that she was absolutely fearless and followed up a wounded bird untiringly. Her excitability of temperament, coupled with the ever-present temptation to fall into earlier sins, led me to advise her owner to use Nell as a retriever, so that she might the quicker learn in presence of game that running in is forbidden. In my opinion her excitability all arose from the mistreatment she received before undergoing the ordered course of training; otherwise, her disposition was identical with that of the other three. Good as this particular result ultimately proved to be, my contention is that raw material in the form of an untrained puppy is infinitely less valuable than the finished article, therefore it is a bad investment—certainly for the trainer—to seek to add valuable qualities to spoilt material, always at the risk of ultimate failure.

Before concluding I should like to make one point clear. It is that as soon as a puppy becomes really reliable in questing, all artificial aids may be discontinued and the rest of his training be devoted to the real thing or such substitutes as the close season may enforce. A puppy very soon learns to distinguish between natural game and that which has been handled. In truth, the canine sense of smell can draw very fine distinctions, as, for instance, that between wounded and unshot game, but these and other facts that need grasping must come in their proper place.

R. SHARPE.

THE ART OF MR. JOHNSTON

THIS is the time of year when one sits on a beach and watches children playing cricket on the sands. They do not bat like Hobbs or bowl like Rhodes, but one finds oneself becoming an interested partisan of one side or the other; *mentem mortalia tangunt*—triumphs as well as disasters; and then a chilling thing happens—the higher powers intervene. Paterfamilias doffs his blazer, takes off Dolly whom Tommy had been smiting on the long-hop to the crabs, and proceeds to bowl a length; exit Tommy. The same kind of intervention spoiled much acceptable human scrapping in the classics and more recently—in so clumsy and spiteful a form that it must have been dictated by Juno—reduced the 'varsity match from a fight to a butchery. For some years past Mlle. Lenglen has denied us a contest in the Ladies' Singles; *incessu patuit Dea*—in her rhythmical and unhurried progress to the Championship she proclaimed her divinity; but there were spheres of lawn tennis with which she did not concern herself. In these we could snuff up the dust of battle and thrill at the double issue. Mr. Johnston has come from the land of prohibition and taken from us these human joys. To watch him is to fear that lawn tennis will die of its own perfection; there seems nothing else to be done. The older champions—superior though they might be to their rivals

of the day—were of the same clay as ourselves; there were areas of the court that they did not willingly enter, angles to which they allowed it was difficult to hit; admitted advantages in manoeuvring for a long sight of the ball. It would not have occurred to us when we saw them play that the men they beat could be expected to outplay them, but we should have had no difficulty in recognising that this could be done by a divinity not subject to human limitations in the precision of his aim, the accuracy of his judgment and the quickness of his sight. They did all that might become a man; "who dares do more is none." It is our quarrel—our only quarrel—with Mr. Johnston that he does do more. He is lord of what was once No Man's Land. Time was when to await the ball between the service line and the base line was to court destruction. But to Mr. Johnston there are no forbidden areas. He advances where he lists with the certainty of being protected by some Homeric mist—at least his enemy does not succeed in acting as if aware he had him at a disadvantage; and he launches a dart to which a concealed Homeric deity applies impetus and direction. That seems to be far the simplest explanation of his capacity to meet a fast ball that has pitched just in front of him and just behind the service line and return it faster, back-handed, across the court. The rationalisers say that he hits the ball on the rise,

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but, as usual, they do but add one more complication to mystery. We will allow to the rationalisers that they have explained that earlier magic spin; we understand—or, at any rate, we grant that there are gifted people who understand—how to make a ball spring forward faster after pitching or to check or to turn this way or that. What sort of an eye, then, is possessed by the man Johnston—*ex hypothesi* we are denying him divinity—if he can adjust himself to a stroke while the ball is passing through some eighteen inches, in the course of which it may vary its speed, flight and direction? It is to be remembered that there is no straight bat at lawn tennis. The diameter of the racquet is much the same either way; it is always much less than that of a bat. The rising-ball stroke to be made as designed must always be made with the centre of the racquet—a space not more than 4ins. square. The ball must be lifted, but not too much, and it must be hit firmly or there the hitter is left exposed in No Man's Land. It is Mr. Johnston's divine

infallibility with this stroke that compels us to reconsider all our standards of lawn tennis. One or two other distinguished players have used something of the kind—Mr. Caridia and Mr. Williams of America; but both, though they were apt to win sets in a few minutes, were liable to lose them as quickly. They were accepting human risks, and their opponent might always hope to exact the penalty. There was a contest. But Mr. Johnston plays this stroke with the certainty of the disappearing lady lob-driver engaged on a long distance match with another lady lob-driver whom she suspects of possessing rather less staying power. And this stroke is super-added to all the ordinary strokes. As he played at Wimbledon there was no beating him. We cannot even passionately desire his defeat; he is too unassuming in his demeanour on the court and so unostentatiously acquiescent in allowing his toiling opponent the point which will spare him the ignominy of a love set. Possibly, the remedy is that Mr. Johnston, like Lear, be "confin'd to exhibition."

E. E. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEWS OF THE CROCODILE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a translation made by Archdeacon Glossop of Lihoma Island, Lake Nyasa, of an account written by Donald, a native, of his adventure with a crocodile. The archdeacon has added one or two explanatory notes in parentheses. Both Donald and Christopher are known to me personally. I hope you may be able to publish it.—A. H. NIXON SMITH.

"The day was Friday. When I came back from work, 3 o'clock, I arrived at my house: I stayed a little while my wife gave me food: I ate; I said, 'Good-bye, I go to Chinyanya by canoe to look for bait for fishing to fish this night.' My wife said 'Very good.' I took my paddle and bailey and two boys went with me, their names were Chimpepo and Mtela. When we had launched the canoe and paddled a little way, we saw very small canoe with two people in it. These people had seen the crocodile and they began to drive him out there between the Island of Mbamba and the point of the bay. I asked them 'What are you doing?' They replied 'The crocodile.' Said I 'Ah! he dies to-day.' We were then two canoes: we got into line and drove him towards the Lake: for we feared to drive him towards the shore lest he hide in the rocky holes: so we pressed him towards the Lake. Thus we did. When he dived down we kept on beating go, go, go, go (beating on side of canoe to make a noise.—A. G.) until he came up again. When he came up we kept rowing up close to him. When he saw us, he would dive again. So we kept on beating go, go, go, go; he kept on coming up: and we kept on doing thus, until he began to be tired. Then there approached two canoes coming from the mainland, so we were then four canoes. Then I made plans thus—now the crocodile is tired—it is good that we thrust at him with our paddles I said to them 'If it rises it is our work to draw near with our canoes and as he begins to dive we will seize his tail.' So we agree that all our four canoes come close together; so that if he upset one canoe, we save one another. The time was 5 o'clock of the evening: the crocodile dived and we got ready: but the crocodile did not go down far in the water because we could see him and follow close, until he came up again. And we said 'Now to seize him'; and we resolved that two canoes be here and two there; so we kept the crocodile between us: this time the crocodile could not escape us for he was very tired now, for out there it was deep lake. My canoe went first and approached close, for the other canoes were afraid. Then I took my paddle and jabbed at his head, and he began to dive: I seized his tail and his head being downwards Christopher my uncle helped me, and we pulled his tail and tied it to the cross bar of our canoe; he turned round, to try to get up on our canoe all of a sudden: another canoe came forward and thrust a paddle in his mouth: the crocodile chewed it up: he tried again to climb into our canoe: quickly came canoe No. 3 and jabbed at him with their paddle: this he ate up too. Then I told the fourth canoe that it was right for it to come close up and press him and the other canoe came and we pressed him. His head was then underneath the canoes (which were all now parallel.—A. G.). 'So,' cried I, 'now we have him.' Then we rested to take breath. Then we began to row and sing aloud because we had conquered the crocodile. We came back home again to the shore. Many people had assembled to see the crocodile and they asked 'How ever did you

manage it?' And we answered 'Thus' as I have told you now. Then we tied him round the middle and drew him ashore and killed him. The time was 6 o'clock. In the evening some said 'Let him lie there to-day,' others said 'No, if he lie there some one will get the poison' (the gall of the crocodile is used to poison people.—A. G.). We who had killed him were then afraid to leave him: so we took counsel it is better to bury him in the lake. So we agreed. We took him in a big canoe: we tied up with him six heavy rocks: we rowed out to the Lake again far out, and then we knew that now it was safe to cast him away. So we cast him away: we dived in Lake and washed ourselves and went home. We got back about 8 o'clock and drew up our canoe on the shore. When we had slept two weeks (*i.e.*, two weeks had passed.—A. G.) we heard not from anywhere that the body had come up. Then we said 'We have done our work well: he has rotted away there where we cast him' (*i.e.*, no one can get the poison).—

not vindictive: I have seen a nest built in the angle of a thatched roof of a tiny cottage immediately above the door, under which little children were at play, while the hornets in numbers were leaving and entering the nest, in their flight passing a few feet above the children. I have found on several occasions hornets' nests in banks (which is not the usual site), and while standing near they appear to take no notice of the observer unless molested. Speaking of shooting insects on the wing reminds me of the fact that the type female specimen of the great *Ornithoptera victoriae* butterfly in the British Museum was obtained by shooting it during its flight over tree-tops.—F. W. FROHAWK.

"THE ROSES MAKE THE WORLD SO SWEET."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may like this picture of a dog rose growing by the side of the public road,



A DOG ROSE BY A HAMPSHIRE ROADSIDE.

A. G.). This is the news of the crocodile. Up to day we have seen no more crocodile at Madimba. "I am, Your Brother,
"DONALD NYERENDA."

HORNETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his letter respecting hornets, "Fleur-de-Lys" refers to the destruction of these great wasps by means of shooting them with a saloon gun and a pinch of dust-shot. Surely this would be a somewhat slow process if the community be a large one. He alludes to a wasps' nest of 600 inhabitants; this would be but a very small colony, as in an ordinary nest of seven or eight combs the individuals would number 11,000 or 12,000, and during a season a large nest might have a population of 50,000 or more. Unless interfered with, hornets are

near Beaulieu, in Hampshire. There seems to me something reviving to the spirits about it in this hot weather.—D.

LAVENDER BAGS FOR HOSPITALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Would you kindly allow me, through your columns, to ask those of your readers who have lavender in their gardens to spare me some for filling lavender bags for hospitals this summer? These are so much appreciated, especially by the sick people in large towns to whom they bring a whiff of the country. I shall be very grateful for any parcels of dried lavender (shredded, if possible) sent to me at Chapel House Farm Hotel, Chipping Norton, any time during the month of August.—WINIFRED M. LEE.

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TWO DOG NURSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a constant reader of COUNTRY LIFE I am enclosing a snapshot of our sheep dog

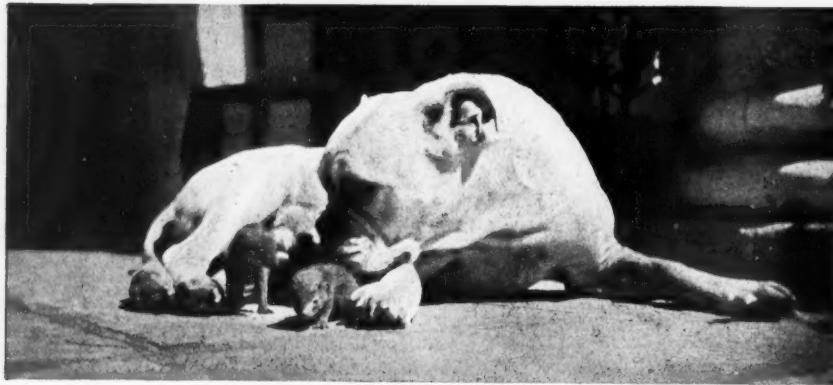


A SHEEP DOG WHO LOOKS AFTER CHICKENS.

and a brood of young chicks, as I thought they might be of interest to your readers. The dog is sixteen months old and in the picture he has thirty-four chicks nestling about him. The chicks are incubator hatched and he has been foster-mother to them. When he is in charge no cat dare come near them. He is quite pleased for the chicks to share his dinner with him and is very careful when walking about not to tread on them.—M. GIRDLER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of an old bulldog bitch with two four-days-old mongooses. It was taken at Jhansi in India. I cannot say that Sally fostered the young mongooses, but the latter sought her warmth and Sally tolerated them with a kindly indifference from the first. However, I thought that, perhaps, the picture



SALLY AND THE MONGOOSES.

might be of some interest, as such an occurrence is certainly remarkable.—E. C. BECHER.

HABITS OF LARGE TROUT IN WEST COUNTRY RIVERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In Devonshire rivers—like the Teign, for instance—only a small percentage of the trout exceed half a pound in weight. West Country waters are a complete contrast to the chalk streams, for the latter are always crystal clear, do not vary greatly in level, and swarm with surface food. The Teign fluctuates violently in volume and, owing to the clay beds along its course, becomes thick on the slightest provocation. The various clay works in the valley aggravate this feature still further by running off their muddy water into the river. Trout living under such conditions are apt to acquire undesirable habits: certainly they do not feed on surface food nearly as much as one could wish. The predilections of the rank and file are accentuated in the case of the larger fish. The latter, in fact, only rise when the conditions are especially inviting. When taking flies, some of the big trout have regular beats, cruising up and down on a fixed course and sucking down fly after fly as they sail along close to the surface. At one time I thought this was a regular rule, but now find that some of the big fellows have fixed stations, from which they move little. They thus content themselves with the flies which come to them in their holts, but do not cruise around, looking for surface food. Such coigns of vantage are often

so awkwardly situated that the fisherman is hard put to it to reach the spot with his fly. I am inclined to think that the increased muddiness of the Teign during late years has something to do with the big trout nailings themselves down in odd corners. They so very seldom take a fly at all that they regard surface feeding more as a casual recreation than actual business, and so are not disposed to make a toil of it. Business with these fish is feeding on the bottom. It is peculiar that certain bays which held numbers of trout a couple of years ago are now completely deserted. River beds are, of course, constantly altering, but this does not explain why bays with permanent characteristics should lose favour. One possible explanation is that some of these nice spots were occupied by savage old kelts in the early spring, and the trout fled elsewhere to save their lives. On those dire days when clay water discolours the river the fly-fisherman's only chance is to seek for trout on the shallows. One sometimes sees fish with their back fins almost out of the water, and if a small fly can be presented to these trout without their seeing you, the chances are it is taken savagely. So, too, with sea trout; if one is seen cleaning itself on the gravel of a shallow run, it is certain to be well on the alert and taking notice, and therefore extremely likely to take a fly.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

SAVE THE ABYSSINIAN CAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One of the prettiest and most interesting cat varieties looks like becoming extinct through the neglect of cat owners. I refer to the graceful Abyssinian cat, which is of special interest as undoubtedly being the nearest approach to the sacred cat of the ancient Egyptians. There is now in the Natural History Museum a specimen of *Felis ocreata* which could win in a class of Abyssinians at the Palace. I remember, years ago, a dozen of these cats in one class at the Palace. Those now left

LONDON HERONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I doubt whether many of your readers, even those who pride themselves on being good Londoners, will be able to guess where the photograph I am sending was taken, although it represents a very familiar scene. It shows the three herons which the authorities have recently set at liberty at the Hyde Park Corner end of the Serpentine, and which add to the



HERONS ON THE SERPENTINE.

charms of a part of the park which children especially have always found delightful, as being the haunt of the Hyde Park rabbits. There have often been herons in the Park, but not, I think, during recent years.—J.

THE BRIDGE OF DEVORGUILLA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very interested to see in your issue for June 23rd a letter and photograph on Devorguilla Bridge. In a novel called "Flower of the Heather," written by Mr. R. W. MacKenna, is traced the connection between Devorguilla Bridge and Balliol College, Oxford. The story itself is about the Covenanters and is magnificent reading.—STANLEY B. REECE.

A DARTMOOR IMAGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may care to publish this photograph from Dartmoor. This curious rock formation is known by the name of Bower Man's Nose.—A. MARTIN.



OWER MAN'S NOSE.

CURIOUS CAPTURE OF A THRUSH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is nothing unusual in swallows and swifts taking an artificial fly, as these birds hawk for flying insects on the wing, and constantly swoop round the fisherman while he is casting. A few days ago, however, I caught a thrush on a trout fly, and think this must be a most uncommon occurrence. I do not know whether the affair was an accident, or whether the bird tried to catch the fly. I was casting across a pool, and the thrush flew out of some bushes fringing the bank on my side. The bird made straight across the pool and was hooked in mid air. The hook, which was a small one (No. 1), took hold in the thrush's cheek, just behind the angle of the bill. I unhooked the bird and it flew off, apparently none the worse for its adventure. The fact that the thrush was hooked so close to the bill looks rather as though it tried to catch the fly, but it may just as likely have only been an accident. I have caught several water rats and a bat, while once I cast over and hooked a young wild duck, but the capture of this thrush seems a very much more unusual incident.—L. B.

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SANDOWN PARK'S BIG RACES

ECLIPSE STAKES AND NATIONAL BREEDERS.

THIS week-end at Sandown Park there are due to be decided the races for the Eclipse Stakes and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the one, of course, for three year olds and upwards and the other for two year olds. They are of high value, even although most of the money emanates from what is subscribed among the owners themselves in the form of original entry fees and considerable forfeits, which latter grow in size as the day of the race draws near. They are two of the most notable races of the whole season in this country, while it follows that nothing so ambitious is attempted at any other of the meetings held at Sandown Park.

It is ever a pleasure to take a look back on the history of the two races, especially that for the Eclipse Stakes, since to do so is to revive memories of some of the greatest horses known to the present generation. Its history is a comparatively brief one, dating only from 1886, in which year Bendigo, a splendid handicapper as distinct from the classic example, won for Major Hedworth Barclay. After him occur the names of such famous winners as Ayrshire, Orme, Isinglass, St. Frusquin, Persimmon, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Ard Patrick, Bayardo, Lemberg, and Neil Gow (dead-heated), Swynford, Prince Palatine, Tracery, Buchan, and Golden Myth (I wrote at length of him only the other day). I have named seven Derby winners in that distinguished list. They are Ayrshire, Isinglass, Persimmon, Flying Fox, Diamond Jubilee, Ard Patrick and Lemberg. Surefoot, St. Frusquin, Your Majesty, Bayardo, Neil Gow, Swynford, Prince Palatine, Tracery and Craig an Eran, were also winners of other classic races. It will be understood, therefore, what a remarkably fine record is associated with the race.

Which would you say was the best of all those I have named? Perhaps it is an unfair question to ask, since convincing comparisons are scarcely possible. Ideas, therefore, can be no more than impressions. Some people would declare in favour of Orme, others for Persimmon, while Ard Patrick must have been a great horse judged by the way in which he won the Derby and in which he beat the great Sceptre and simply trounced Rock Sand, the Derby winner of the year, in the race for the Eclipse Stakes. One might more successfully name the worst horse in the list of winners, but let us pass on.

One thing is certain about the race this week end. It is that no winner of a classic race will be in the field, which, of course, is a matter for much regret. Obviously, this is not going to be a celebration out of the ordinary. I do not think Papyrus was ever entered, and in any case we are not likely to see him on a racecourse for a long time. He appears to have been thoroughly shaken when winning the Derby. This, however, appears to be the common fate of Derby winners in these times, and, indeed, it is quite extraordinary and difficult to explain unless it be no more than coincidence. Grand Parade really never got over his race and was soon retired. I do not think Spion Kop was ever the same horse after he had won. Humorist died soon afterwards as he might have died in any case. And that brings me to Captain Cuttle. He was left in to-day's race in the belief that he could be trained for it. However, he has definitely done with racing, and must be retired to his owner's stud at Lavington Park.

It is quite reasonable to assume that his trouble started when he won the Derby. He moved alarmingly short and scratchy when he went to the post on that memorable occasion and his jockey was by no means given confidence. However, he won in quite brilliant fashion, and he must have been a really good horse. You will recall that he came to Ascot to win easily, and it was the intention to run him at Goodwood until the morning of the race. No doubt if he had run he would have broken down right away, but instead he was put by for the year. Only once since has he been seen in public, which was at Kempton Park some time ago when he showed us again that he ranks as eminently a worthy Derby winner. He is the grandest example of the big horse seen out for years past, for with his imposing size he also showed great quality. Irish Elegance was a grand specimen on that day when he won the Royal Hunt Cup under 9st. 11lb., but, of course, the "crab" about him is that he is technically a half-bred, and all the good looks in the world and

the most brilliant of performances will not overcome that tragic obstacle.

The only other classic winner in the present entry is St. Louis, and it is hopeless to try to train him on hard ground. He will not, of course, run, and, indeed, will never be trained seriously until the conditions underfoot are such as will enable him to show his real action. A good horse, it is claimed, will show his best on any sort of going, but then St. Louis has done nothing since winning the Two Thousand Guineas to show he is a good horse, and I daresay he has been given every indulgence by his trainer. I formed a high opinion of Bold and Bad at Ascot, and I understand that he will certainly run, all going well with him. He is one that may be destined to take classic honours at Doncaster when the time comes, and if I am right in my ideas, then he is going to take a lot of beating at Sandown Park for the Eclipse Stakes, especially as the field does not look like being notably distinguished. Bold and Bad is a brown colt by Swynford, bred and owned by Lord Astor, who won the race in three successive years. Twice did the good Buchan win for him, followed by the victory two years ago of Craig an Eran. Tamar was to have made three into four a year ago, but Golden Myth was the successful interloper. Bold and Bad, however,



W. A. Rouch.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE AFTER WINNING THE DERBY, 1922.

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is to carry on the offensive on this occasion, and not only this colt, but Saltash in the same ownership. Both were winners at Ascot.

Saltash is a chestnut by Sunstar and an own brother to Buchan, and he is quite nice without, however, being in the first class or as good as his brother was. I have a decided preference for Bold and Bad, and we shall doubtless see this emphasised in places where they bet. An owner who strikes me as holding a strong hand is Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, with the four year old Triumph and the three year old Doric. The former won the Princess of Wales' Stakes at the First July Meeting at Newmarket, and as between him and Bold and Bad it is no more than the usual margin provided by the weight for age scale. Can the four year old give the three year old 12lb.? We have to bear in mind that Triumph may be only just coming to his best, and that he is only now a trained horse as a four year old. Yet if I thought that Doric were quite all right I think I would prefer him. He finished fourth for the Derby, and it was clear for all to see that he could be made better with time and more training. I am not sure, however, that he got over his race at Epsom. He has possibly been giving anxiety, and in any case it must have been most trying for the trainers of horses holding this important engagement, especially those wanting all possible help in the matter of yielding going. In the circumstances it will not surprise me should Triumph turn out to be the best of Mr. A. de Rothschild's entry. And for

reasons I have stated he will certainly have to be considered. I suppose Bucks Hussar is sure to be a participator. Hardly a week passes that he is not made to run, no matter what the distance, which, if nothing else, is an admirable advertisement for the soundness and iron constitution of the British thoroughbred. I see he was out again at Lingfield Park last week, chasing home Collaborator for the £1,000 stake. We may expect to see lots more of him before he becomes a five year old. It is possible that Alec Taylor will also saddle the Ascot Gold Vase winner, Puttenden, in addition to Lord Astor's three year olds, but I cannot take him seriously. Something, however, can be urged in favour of Psychology, though he can be ruled out on the point of classic form, always preferable to handicap form.

I am afraid Lord Derby can have no chance with Torlonia, and I am sure that Knockando can be regarded as harmless, even should he run, as he does not appear to have gone through an orthodox preparation. Another case of being knocked up through taking part in the Derby I suppose. Lastly, there is the Aga Khan's Teresina, specially kept for the race, and possibly to have the distinction of starting favourite. Never having won a race, she, of course, escapes all penalties and claims the substantial allowance, bringing her weight to 7st. 13lb. Her credentials are considerable in the sense that she was third for the Oaks, close up, when many people believed she was an unlucky loser, and at Ascot she followed home her stable companion Paola for the Coronation Stakes. Be sure, therefore, that she will be a strongly fancied candidate.

It is claimed for her that she stays well, and it is true that she was running on strongly in the race for the Oaks; but did she not owe her defeat to the fact that she is rather lacking in speed? It will not do to be lacking in speed on this Sandown Park mile and a quarter with some high-class horses opposed to her. Maybe she will pull through, but if so it will be by reason of her considerable advantage in the weights. Bold and Bad must give her 10lb., and because I feel that the colts are well in front of the three year old fillies, and for the reason, too, that I think so well of Bold and Bad, I shall anticipate a success for him. It is possible that the chief danger to him will be Triumph and not Teresina.

On the second day of the meeting there will be the race for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, which has been won by top class two year olds from time to time though for horses that have gone on to make big history we must look to such

two year old classics as the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket. Chelandry, Cyllene, Pretty Polly, Cicero, Bayardo, Neil Gow, The Tetrarch and Tetratema are the outstanding winners since 1889. The greatest of them I shall always regard as The Tetrarch. Pretty Polly was, of course, a great mare and went on to achieve the highest honours open to her sex. Cyllene was probably the best horse of his age, even though he could not take part in the classic races for a very good reason. It was very soon after he went to the stud that he got Cicero, winner of this Sandown race in 1904. He got three other Derby winners, so that the special merit of Cyllene is beyond any question. Bayardo was the best horse of his age, even though he did not win the Derby, and Chelandry, Neil Gow and Tetratema all turned out to be classic winners.

This year the list looks like receiving another distinguished addition in the quite sensational grey filly Mumtaz Mahal, owned by the Aga Khan. She is fully penalised because of her first win at Newmarket and then of the valuable Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot. Even so it seems useless to look beyond her for the winner. Strange things do, of course, happen in racing as, for instance, when Druid's Orb, with odds of 100 to 7 betted on him at Pontefract last week, was beaten by a colt named Minority, the bare possibility of a victory for him having never been given so much as a passing thought. So a similar sort of miracle might happen this week-end where this race is concerned and Mumtaz Mahal. We must not forget that her sire, The Tetrarch, came very near to his only defeat in this particular race through losing ground at the start. Somehow they are soon home in this five furlongs at Sandown Park, and horses can give away weight there but not start. Mumtaz Mahal may be the wonder we believe her, but it will be necessary for her to do everything according to the conventions. Then she will win all right.

It would, of course, be vastly interesting to see Straitlace oppose her, because they would now meet at level weights, whereas at Newmarket in the spring Mumtaz Mahal was in receipt of 9lb. and she did not win as easily as at Ascot. I really believe Straitlace would put her on the stretch, because the 9lb. will, as it were, be off the back of the one and on the back of the other. It must make a difference. Mumtaz Mahal will start an odds on favourite in any case, no matter what the opposition may be, and I cannot conceive of her being beaten bar an accident.

PHILIPPOS.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE UNIVERSITY MATCH

THE University match of 1923 bore a curious likeness to the matches of the two previous seasons, with one most important difference to the partisan, that this year everything went in Oxford's favour instead of Cambridge's. It was Oxford who won the toss; it was Cambridge whose fast bowler was injured and unable to do himself justice; it was Cambridge who had to go in against a large score on a wicket damaged by Monday night's thunderstorm. Finally, it was for Oxford that the stars in their courses fought, and made everything come off for them, so that really on Tuesday evening it looked as if they might have taken on twenty-two, or thirty-three, of Cambridge with a reasonable prospect of winning.

How did it all happen, for there was nothing in the previous form of the two sides to suggest this great difference in strength? The triumph of Oxford was secured by four members of the side at four stages of the game. There was, first of all Taylor, the Westminster freshman, who laid the foundation of the big score with his admirable century. He does not give the impression of great power, and he never knocked the bowling to pieces, but he never looked like getting out and he made some fine strokes in front of cover-point. Jardine was equally sound, but one cannot help wondering why so talented a player should confine himself entirely to the leg side. It may be well enough to leave alone the ball of an awkward length on the off side, but surely after you have been in about an hour you might venture to put your bat against the medium-pace long-hop. However, Jardine can confute the critic with his own experience, since it was in a rash attempt to deal with one of these insidious deliveries that he was wonderfully well caught by Ashton at slip. Hopkins and Knott both made runs, but their play would be much improved by a freer swing of the bat; the short-armed push off the body applied to the half volley means, or used to mean, a distinct loss of opportunity.

The second agent in Oxford's success was Hewetson. He was not put on to bowl, and it may interest him to reflect that he remains possibly the only instance of a man chosen for his bowling doing much to win the match by his batting. When he came in there were seven wickets down for 306; the score was a good one, and it only remained for someone to drive home the advantage already obtained. Nobody could have done this better than Hewetson did. He hit up 57 in comparatively few minutes. He possessed a bat that drove, an implement that no other player on either side seemed to own, and he made good use of it. When he got out it was evident that Cambridge might save the match, but they could not win it.

That they did not even save it was due to Oxford's third champion, Stevens, on the Tuesday morning. The wicket at

the start was not easy, but Raikes and Robertson-Glasgow were played by Bennett and Bagnall without much apparent difficulty. Then Stevens went on at the nursery end, and the troubles of Cambridge, as a batting side, began. He looked unpleasant from the start, and the way in which he puzzled and defeated the leading batsmen had a most uncomfortable effect on the whole team.

The fourth, and no doubt the greatest, winning factor for Oxford was their captain, Bettington. He led the side with the confident vigour of one who was sure that everything was going all right, and would continue to go all right. In addition to maintaining this attitude, most appropriate to the circumstances, he fielded very finely, and caught two capital catches. Above all, after the early success of Stevens had placed Cambridge in a desperate position, the Oxford Captain bowled his leg breaks with a deadliness which completed the rout. When a leg-breaker is getting wickets, there is no type of bowling more disconcerting to the anxious new-comer, and after Bettington had had the effrontery to bowl Ashton round his legs, there was, so to speak, no holding him. In the Cambridge second innings the batsmen were all at sea with him, and the worse they played him the better he bowled. One has hardly ever seen such a complete mastery of the attack over the defence; at five o'clock on Tuesday evening it seemed, as has been hinted, as if you might send in relays of Cantabs all of whom would play slowly forward, missing the ball by yards every time.

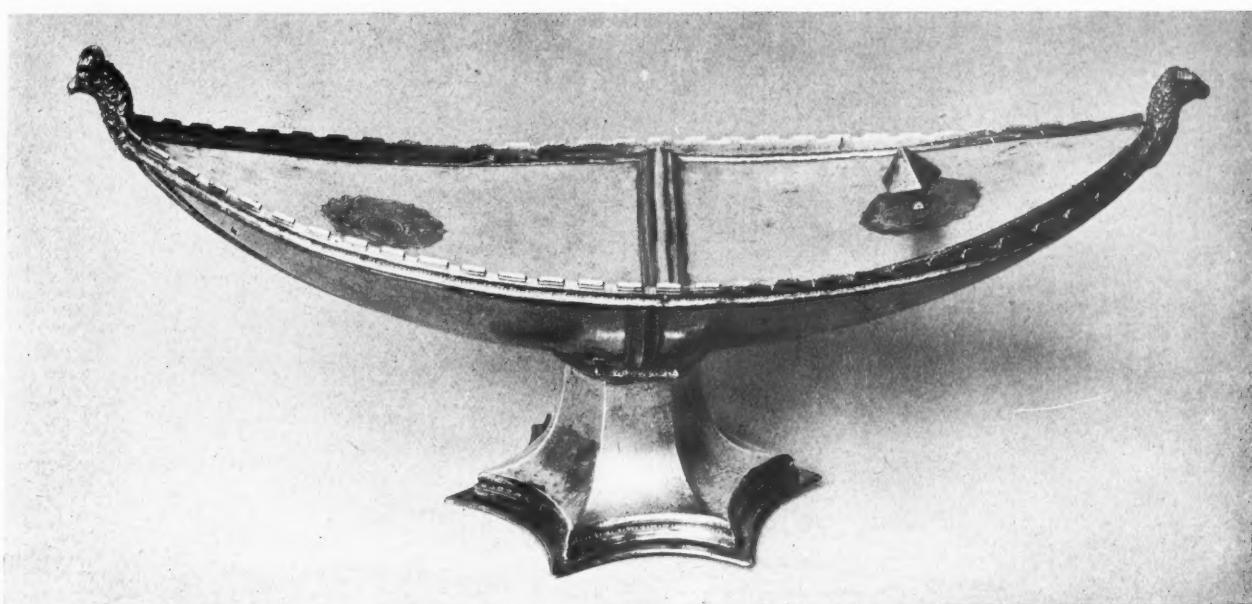
The fielding of both sides was well up to the average. In spite of the heat there was no symptom of slackness. For Oxford, Knott at cover was admirable, and both he and Lyon caught very good catches. Nor was anything prettier than the catch at deep square leg with which Taylor finished the match. He took a hard, skimming hit low down, and never looked the least like missing it. Ashton and Aird fielded well for Cambridge. Patten showed to great advantage behind the wickets; on the day he was better than Sherwell.

As regards the Cambridge batting and bowling, the mysterious blight which settled on their efforts makes it difficult to appraise their value. Wright took the most wickets, but the batsmen seemed to find him easy enough. Ashton kept up a fair pace, but looked very plain, and there was no special guile about either Enthoven or Tomlinson. In batting, the complete failure of Lowry, who had made an unheard-of number of runs in the trial matches, was lamentable. Ashton played two brisk innings, but unfortunately very small ones. Crawley hit bravely, though not at all well, in the second innings; but Bennett and Bagnall only succeeded in making the bowling look exceptionally difficult. Allen batted as well as anybody, and Tomlinson struck one as a useful man on the side.

A. C.

July 21st, 1923.

A UNIQUE AND MAGNIFICENT GIFT



THE INCENSE BOAT FROM RAMSEY ABBEY.
Eleven and a-half inches long, silver gilt, probably *circa* 1375.

THE nation stands debtor to Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins of Malvern and Ardross for a gift beyond doubt the most important for many years past. By his princely generosity the two most remarkable pieces of English mediæval ecclesiastical plate which were still in private hands have been secured

for the Victoria and Albert Museum, where they are now on view in the South Court.

These are the censer and thurible, or incense boat, belonging to Ramsey Abbey, which were dug up during the draining of Whittlesea Mere in 1850 and subsequently purchased by the late Earl of Carysfort, from whose heirs this purchase was made. Their value is, of course, enormous, and would have been far beyond the means of the State had not Mr. Dyson Perrins come to its assistance with the greater part of the sum.

Examples of the fourteenth century silversmith's art, other than chalices and pattens, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There are the great silver-mounted horns of Queen's College, Oxford (1340), and Corpus Christi, Cambridge (*circa* 1347); the Trinity Hall beaker (*circa* 1350); the Swan mazer at Corpus Christi, Cambridge (*circa* 1380); the Lynn Cup (*circa* 1350); and the bowl at Studley Church (*circa* 1390); while the superb crozier of William of Wykeham, and his jewel, at New College, Oxford, is the most wonderful piece of work in England of the whole mediæval period, dating from about 1360.

The present pieces, which are second only to the crozier in beauty and age, are unique and were the only ones not belonging to a corporation. The gilt censer, 11 ins. in height to the top of the knob, is, with the exception of the bowl at the bottom, which is modelled on a mazer, made up entirely of architectural details which date it about 1375. The hexagonal upper half, contrived like a chapter house or turret, has three complete windows, and three, of greater breadth, fashioned as lancets in groups of four with a clerestory window above. Double pinnacled buttresses mark the angles and, above a battlemented parapet, a pointed and crocketed roof rises to the knob, whence a single chain for lifting the upper off the lower half is attached to the plate. This plate, to which are fastened the three weight-carrying chains, which, at their lower ends, are fixed to the lower part of the censer, is shaped like a triangular shield, with semicircles projecting from the centre of each of its slightly curved sides. The total weight is about 50 oz.

The silver-gilt incense boat, 11 ins. in length, bears the rebus of Ramsey, in the shape of a ram's head rising at either end of the boat. One half of the deck is made to open and is fitted with a knob for that purpose. A chased rose ornaments the other half. Though some consider this to be evidence of Early Tudor date, the balance of opinion is for a date as early as the censer, a contention supported by the form of the foot, which closely resembles that of the chalice at Hamstall Ridgeware, of that period. The interest of this piece is, however, surpassed by its beauty: a postulation that cannot always be made of plate of any period. The delicate *svelte* lines resemble some design of the brothers Adam without their decadence; moreover, it has the plainness of surface which the mediæval craftsman rarely tolerated. In fact, it is probably the most graceful piece of fourteenth century plate in the world, the treasures of Italy, Germany and France not excepted.

We can only repeat our gratitude to Mr. Dyson Perrins for securing for us two such precious treasures.



THE RAMSEY ABBEY CENSER.
Eleven inches high, silver gilt 50 oz. The date certainly about 1375.

July 21st, 1923.

THE ESTATE MARKET

EYDON HALL SOLD

LADY HESKETH'S beautiful Northamptonshire seat, Eydon Hall, has been sold to Captain Margesson, M.P., by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd. The Manor House, Weston-on-the-Green, was recently sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., on behalf of Captain Margesson, to Lord Greville.

When Eydon Hall was described in an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (September 7th, 1901, page 304), it was the property of Viscount Valentia, and in the occupation of Mr. T. Holland Wilkinson. The estate is in the heart of a district that more than any other, perhaps, entitles Northamptonshire to Norden's designation as "the Heralds' garden," on account of the number of those owning property there who are entitled to bear arms. The mansion was erected by the Annesley family, about the year 1780, and in all probability by the Rev. Francis Annesley, second son of Francis Annesley of Bletchington Park. The designer was Lewis. In style the mansion is Italian, a free adaptation of classic character, with elaborate and enriched Ionic columns, supporting a floreated entablature, crowned by a balustrade. The gardens are laid out to take advantage of the sloping contour, and there are vistas suggestive of some of the pictures of Watteau. The richly wooded environment is approached through such pleasures as the Fir Walk and Flower Walk, illustrations of which have appeared in these columns.

STOWELL PARK : £79,448.

THE Earl of Eldon's Stowell Park estate of 6,300 acres, including the charming old mansion and the famous Roman villa at Chedworth, was sold at Cirencester on Monday by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., to Mr. A. Lionel Lane, Solicitor, Gloucester, for £63,000, and £16,448 for timber.

TOWN HOUSE TRANSACTIONS.

THE Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., has purchased Warwick House, St. James's, a very fine Town mansion overlooking the Green Park and adjoining St. James's Palace. It originally belonged to the Countess of Warwick, and afterwards Miss Dodge, an American lady, had it and expended an enormous sum in modernising the mansion. Mr. Harmsworth's agents were Messrs. Wilson and Co., who have sold his present house, Hill Lodge, a detached residence in grand old gardens on the summit of Campden Hill, Kensington, to Mr. Naunton. Messrs. Wilson and Co. succeeded in finding a buyer for No. 64, Chester Square before the auction, which was to have been held this week. The bijou house with garden, No. 36, South Street, Park Lane, has been sold by the firm. They have purchased from clients of Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd, the Georgian house, No. 20, Curzon Street, Mayfair, formerly the residence of the Dowager Lady Howe.

Among country properties dealt with, in the last few days, by Messrs. Wilson and Co., may be mentioned: Oldfield, Maidenhead, one of the most luxuriously fitted houses on the river, with 11 acres and long frontage to the Thames, model farm buildings and cottages; Hawkhurst Court, Petworth, a charming old stone house, with park of between 30 and 40 acres, the purchaser of this property being the Countess of Desart; Alderbrook Park, Surrey, a modern mansion and 300 acres; Hillworth House estate, Devizes, all sold at the auction, comprising an old Georgian house with beautiful grounds and park, accommodation and building land and six cottages; Wildshaw, Limpsfield, Surrey, a modern residence adjoining the common; Catisfield House estate, Fareham, the lots sold at the auction comprising water meadows, pasture and cottages; Wellington, Rickmansworth, a replica of a Tudor manor house, with 13 acres, sold before auction; Arnscoote Manor, Stratford-on-Avon, an historic Tudor manor house with 16 acres, bought on behalf of a client; and Dale Park estate (Lot 18 sold after auction), house and 3 acres at Walberton. Nashdom, Taplow, the late Princess Dolgorouki's Buckinghamshire seat, the firm has been successful in letting for a year.

DICKENS AT GADSHILL.

FORSTER and others have gone over the ground with a sieve of very small mesh to secure anything bearing on the connection of

Charles Dickens with the various houses he lived in. The compiler of the particulars of sale of Gadshill Place has sifted Forster and Dickens' own writings for allusions to the little place between Rochester and Gravesend. It is an old two storey house of brick, crowned by a bell turret and having a pillared porch. Dickens enlarged the house and, like so many other literary men, he had a taste for tunnelling, which he indulged by linking up the grounds of the house with gardens on the other side of the Dover road. He loved the view from his study, the room to the right of the front door, "as pretty a view as you will find in a long day's ride." Gadshill is handy for London by road and rail, and near the golf courses at Rochester and Gravesend, and there is hunting, too. Dickens used to have a carriage and pair and postillions in red jackets when entertaining company, and a good many guests of eminence went to Gadshill during his last years. He held the house until his death in 1870. The area of the freehold is 12 acres. It will be sold, at Hanover Square next Thursday, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

WYKEHURST PARK.

THE Cubitt-built mansion by Edward Barry, R.A., at Wykehurst Park, and appurtenant land did not reach the reserve at the auction at Haywards Heath by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who, however, disposed of seventy-one lots extending to 902 acres, for a total of £54,850. Lot 89, the last in the particulars, consisted of the Bolney Clubhouse, with billiard room annexe and a miniature rifle range. Lady Leconfield intends, so it is understood, to give this lot to the parish as a memorial of the late Colonel Rawson, M.P.

Leith Hill, land, 54 acres and the house known as Leith Vale; Coombe Mavis, Chishurst, jointly with Messrs. Carter, Law and Leech; and The Heights, Marlow, with Messrs. Lawrence and Son, are among the properties sold privately by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They are to sell Sir Reginald Butler's Old Park property at Devizes; Shawford House, Winchester, bounded by the Itchen; and 510 acres of Swaylands, near Tonbridge; also Hampton Court, Herefordshire, the last-named next Thursday at Leominster. Hampton Court has nearly five miles of fishing, and the house is noted for the magnificent banqueting hall of the Coningsby family, owners in the middle ages.

Scottish farms, some of them on long leases, have been in fairly good demand recently. In sending details of fifty-six such holdings that have been dealt with lately by them, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley bring their aggregate realisations of Scottish land this year up by a further 51,400 acres. Besides Craigdarroch, announced last week, they have sold Quinish Island, Mull, 3,250 acres; Killiechronan, Mull, 9,000 acres; Dunmaglass, 13,855 acres; Bught, Inverness, 209 acres; Clayquhat, Perthshire, 800 acres; Wolfelee, Hawick, 3,000 acres; with residences, fishings, shootings, and a certain amount of agricultural land. The largest group of farms is probably that of nineteen on the Penninghame estate, Newton Stewart, nearly 12,000 acres.

SALE OF NORK PARK, EPSOM.

NORK PARK, with the mansion and that of Great Burgh, and 1,300 acres, adjoining Epsom Racecourse and Banstead Downs, and having twelve miles of frontages to the London and other roads, has been sold, to clients of Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Curtis and Henson.

A DIARY OF AUCTIONS.

TO-DAY (Saturday), at Norwich, by order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Messrs. S. Mealing Mills and Co. will offer Horning Hall, 416 acres, having a long frontage to the Bure.

Next Tuesday, Furze Hill Lodge, Redhill, and Lyttel Hall, Nutfield, are among the properties to be sold, at St. James's Square, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons; at Guildford, Messrs. Hewett and Lee will offer an old-fashioned house and 2 acres within easy reach of the Worplesdon golf course. Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, will sell North Down, Peaslake, near Gomshall, a freehold of over an acre; Leagrave Hall and 4 acres, near

Luton, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Cumberland and Sons and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at Hanover Square; at Corwen, Garthmeilio Hall, Langwm, and sporting rights inclusive of four miles of trout fishing, are to be submitted by Messrs. C. E. Williams and Co.; Warwickshire property of 92 acres at Lapworth, a few miles from Leamington and Birmingham, known as Ardenhill, is for sale by executors, on Tuesday next at Birmingham, by Messrs. Fleetwood, Deakin, Hendriks and Co. On the same day, in London, Hyde House, near Brimscombe, a mile from Minchinhampton golf course, and 12½ acres, will be offered, by Messrs. Shearing and James, by order of Major-General Sir Louis Bol.

Messrs. Fox and Sons' sales include, in London next Tuesday, an Isle of Wight freehold, Billingham Manor, nine miles from Cowes. This house has an oak staircase of exceptional merit. Sites at Barton-on-Sea will be sold on the estate on July 26th; and on August 2nd, at Highcliffe, for Captain John Wyndham, the firm will offer building land at Walkford, on the outskirts of the New Forest.

Next Wednesday, "upset" prices, ranging from £1,300 for a farm of 115 acres to £6,000 for another of 300 acres, at Troston, are quoted for auction at Bury St. Edmund's by Messrs. Lacy Scott and Sons; a St. Albans freehold, Marlborough House, and over 5 acres, with 1,040ft. of frontage to two of the principal streets, awaits offers through Messrs. Robins and Hine and Mr. William Young.

Messrs. Constable and Maude will, at Andover, on Wednesday, offer Chute Standen, 1,117 acres, and in London, on Thursday, The Poplars, Stonegate, Ticehurst; another freehold of 9 acres, Chestnut Lodge, Hurstmonceux; and Eastfield Sherborne. At Bristol, Mendip Lodge, Langford, a Georgian house with fishing and shooting, is for sale for £2,900, with 100 acres, and there are two other lots, the agents being Messrs. Hughes and Norton.

Next Friday, at Exeter, the house and 45 acres, called Filleigh, at Chudleigh, await an offer through Messrs. Wilson, Son and Coome.

Next Saturday, at Shrewsbury, Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen, Limited, have to dispose of a hunting-box, Brynterion, a few miles from Wrexham.

ACTIVE PRIVATE TREATY.

WITHIN £425 of £100,000 was obtained at the auction of Moat Mount estate, Edgware, by Messrs. Humbert and Flint, in conjunction with Messrs. Joshua Baker, Cooke and Standen, the area sold being 1,085 acres. The property formerly belonged to the late Mr. Serjeant Cox, one of the last of a defunct order of lawyers. The Serjeants-at-Law had various monopolies of practice, and a high technical status. Pulling's "Law of the Coif," covers the subject fairly well if anyone wants to look into it nowadays. When the order came to an end and their hall was sold the late Mr. Cox transferred a great deal of the material to Moat Mount. The building value of the land is high and likely to increase by leaps and bounds owing to "tube" extensions.

Hill Crest, a hunting box of 48 acres, at Market Harborough, has been sold, on behalf of the De Trafford estates trustees, by Messrs. Holloway, Price and Co.

Glen Andred, Groomebridge, 40 acres and a Norman Shaw house, and a large number of residences in the Woking district, have been sold by Messrs. Alfred Saville and Sons and Alex. H. Turner and Co., who acted in conjunction with Messrs. Crowe, Bates and Weekes in selling Tanfield, Clandon; and with Messrs. Battam and Heywood in the sale of Broom House, Horsley. They have disposed of four farms in Pendoylan, Glamorganshire.

Packers Close, Newbury, a house in the Chateau style, by Sir Reginald Blomfield, the Ropley residence called Auracaria Cottage, Woodside, Bratton Fleming, Devon, also building land and Winchester properties have changed hands through Messrs. Hardling and Hardling.

Harrow Weald Park, a few miles west of the Marble Arch, comprising the large mansion and 53 acres of land, much of it ready for development, realised £18,250 at the sale rooms of Messrs. Goddard and Smith. ARBITER.